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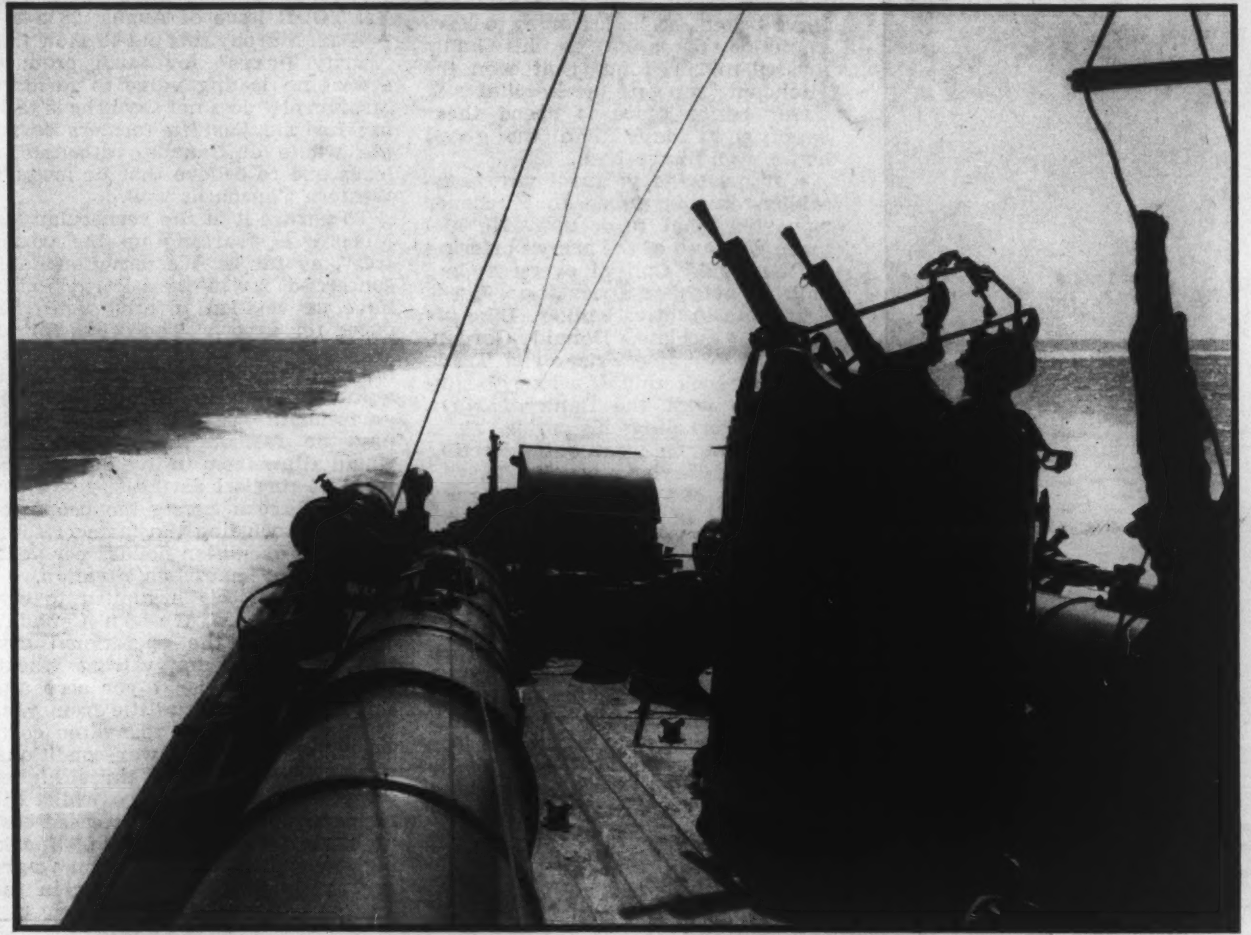

EVER ALERT FOR A BRUSH WITH ENEMY AIR OR SEA FORCES IS THIS A.A. GUNNER ON BOARD ONE OF THE DOUGHTY "LITTLE SHIPS" OF BRITAIN'S COASTAL NAVY.

(For story of their vital part in the war of supply lines, see page 4)

Italy and Our Food

See article by Anne Fromer on page 6

The Front Page

EVERY now and again something happens in the sphere of organized labor which gives us great hope concerning the part which that important element of the community is going to play in Canada in the years to come, when its influence will of necessity be so vastly greater than in the past. One of these things happened last week, when Percy R. Bengough was elected President of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada. True, it was not a very novel event; Mr. Bengough has been a vice-president for a long time, and recently has been Acting President owing to the illness of Tom Moore. All the same, it is profoundly significant that in a troublous time like the present a man whose chief claim to distinction is his impeccable honesty, his innate friendliness and his breadth of view can attain without effort to the highest post in the gift of a great national labor organization. We say without effort, for it is notorious that Mr. Bengough would much have preferred to return to his simpler tasks and his famous garden in Vancouver, B.C., and nothing but his profound sense of duty to his fellow labor men could have induced him to face, probably for quite a long time, the relatively inclement climate and arduous tasks of Ottawa.

Mr. Bengough is no orator, no hearty promiser, no pugnacious hunter for battles, no very striking figure on a platform. He is President of the T.L.C. not because of any superficial qualities but because of his inmost character. Everybody in the organization trusts him and loves him, as everybody trusted and loved his predecessor. We have a feeling that organizations in which such men as Tom Moore and Percy Bengough can rise to the top on sheer character must be pretty good organizations, for their members and for the country. And we do not mean that Mr. Bengough will let anybody put anything over on him when it is a question of the legitimate interests of organized labor. He is nobody's fool.

We have sometimes deplored the shortage of leaders in Canadian organized labor, which is largely due to the ease with which promising young men in the labor movement can be lured away by the prospect of executive jobs in business. But there is a compensating factor. In the small group of able men who are left there is a quality of sincere devotion to the cause, a lack of self-seeking, which enhances their value far beyond what their numbers would suggest. The real shortage is of good lieutenants, and is especially serious in Canada because of its vast extent and the degree to which decisions have to be left to the men on the spot.

The Labor Pressure

THE activity and energy of the labor pressure groups seeking substantial wage increases, which must be authorized by the government if they are to go into effect, are due to the realization that labor's present powerful bargaining position will come to an end the moment the German resistance shows signs of cracking. Labor is at the moment an article of extreme scarcity; it can become overnight an article of extreme plenty. The natural desire of the labor leaders in these circumstances is to get a high money wage level established, with which to resist all efforts to reduce wages when the war is over.

Our own belief is that this policy is suicidal for labor itself, in that it can only lead to one or other of two alternatives—an inflationary price rise which will neutralize the gains afforded by the new wages, or a widespread refusal on the part of capital to employ labor for the entirely legitimate reason that it is not worth buying at these prices. It seems impossible to convince labor leaders that, at any given price level, there is also a wage level above which labor cannot be purchased without landing the purchaser in a loss, and that to push up wages above that level must either push up the price level also or lead to widespread unemployment. In the present situation, with unemployment politically dangerous, and with the dollar entirely untied to any fixed definition in terms of a precious metal, it is almost sure to be the former alternative that government will choose, but this merely postpones the labor problem to be dealt with again when the cost of living rises and shows the workers that their wage rise has been illusory.

We write without having the advantage of perusing the report of either Mr. Justice McTague and his supporting colleague of the Labor Board or that of his dissident ex-colleague Mr. Cohen. Both of these will probably be available before these lines are read. But we have to express our conviction that the present question is not one for the Labor Board at all; it is a question of high government policy, involving the whole economic and financial conduct of the country for the next few years. We should like to see the government finding itself able to resist all pressures for immediate drastic alterations of the wage level, for by no other attitude will it be able to head off a considerable degree of inflation, with all the evil consequences which attend a period of wide and unpredictable fluctuations of the price level. If the Canadian dollar is allowed to fall to a level of purchasing power substantially below that of the United States dollar, we shall have a long period of uncertainty as to whether and when it will be restored to parity; and if parity is ultimately determined on, the process of restoring it will involve a prolonged and difficult deflation.

Everybody knows that, except in employments where the mechanical organization is such that a fairly level standard of efficiency has to be maintained—the assembly-line shops, for example,—the present efficiency of a large part of the available labor supply is miles below what was considered normal three years ago. This is nobody's fault; there just isn't enough competent labor for the jobs. But it is a factor which has to be taken into account in considering the relation between the price level and the wage level. To demand that 1000 man-hours of labor shall be paid more, when they are only producing 900 units of goods, than they were paid when they were producing 1000 units, is simply to demand either that (1) industry shall go broke, or that (2) the 900 units of goods shall sell for as much as or more than the 1000 units used to sell for. That is not a social problem, it is a mathematical theorem, and you just can't get around it.

Mr. Rush's Truck

IT HAS become quite impossible to rely on the daily newspapers for any accurate account of proceedings in the courts and council chambers of this country, however significant or important they may be. The reporters used at least to sit through these proceedings, and to obtain such knowledge of their character as one may by so doing. They no longer do this, but apparently pick up the information afterwards from some interested party. Thus they told us a few weeks ago a harrowing story of one David Rush, whom they alleged to be a farmer, and who was said to have been fined fifty dollars by a Toronto judge for allowing his wife to ride in his truck while conveying produce, which is an infraction of Order 121 of the Prices Board. We fell for this story, and expressed grief that the Prices Board should have been so ill-advised as to prosecute the case.

Mr. Donald Gordon, chairman, has now provided the *Globe & Mail* with what we may assume to be the facts of the case, or at least something much more like them than the original reporter's story. The farmer was not a farmer. The truck was not a farm truck. The truck was owned and registered in Toronto by the alleged farmer's father-in-law. It was carrying no freight. The "farmer" and his wife "had been to a midnight show and on their way home picked up the truck from a parking lot."

What we want to know now is where the reporter got the original story. We should also like to know whether he has been "frozen" in his job and has to go on reporting.

Amending the Act

SOME weeks ago we observed, in commenting on the correspondence between Mr. Duplessis and Mr. King on the amendment of the B.N.A. Act to allow of the deferment of redistribution, that there appeared to be no means of telling how far Mr. King considers the competence of the Dominion Parliament to extend in the matter of constitutional amendment. This was true as regards Mr. King's final letter of July 24, which was the only item before our eyes at the time, but the point is considerably clarified in an earlier letter, dated July 13.

In this Mr. King rests his refusal to transmit the Duplessis protest against deferment (which protest, it will be recalled, was made in Mr. Duplessis' capacity as a member and Opposition Leader of the Quebec Legislature) on the fact that "the readjustment of representation in the Federal Parliament is clearly not a matter which comes within the jurisdiction of the provincial Legislature." It is clear from this that the Prime Minister's attitude and arguments in this case cannot be interpreted as signifying that he would uphold the power of the Dominion Parliament to act unilaterally for the amendment of the constitution in any matter which does actually come within the jurisdiction of the provincial Legislatures.

The point had already been more fully developed by the Minister of Justice in Parliament on July 5, when he denied that Confederation was "a pact between provinces," and described it as rather "the system worked out by responsible prominent leaders of the population of the areas" of Upper and Lower Canada and the Maritimes.

We cite these statements of the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice, not as establishing any satisfactory procedure for amend-

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DAVID SIM —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

A Mixer, a Thinker, a Doer

BY COROLYN COX

DAVID SIM has just been named a Deputy Minister in Ottawa, of the Customs and Excise half of the Department of National Revenue. That's a nice post, Deputy Minister, —"tops" of the non-political officers, administrative head of any Department. The Government makes the appointment, not the Civil Service Commission. So when a normal civil servant lands a deputy-ship, he is well fixed, hopes to weather any succeeding storms till his retirement, which usually isn't far off. But not so Dave. He is only forty-four. He is a civil servant, has a wife and family and is midstream in the process of buying a house in the Capital. But he is no more fixed than the west wind. He is just well on his way. After four years in the thick of Ottawa war pressure and overwork, he is fit as a fiddle and raring to go, ready for any adventure. It is probably a toss up whether his next landing ground will be Cabinet Minister or corporation head. He certainly hasn't "jelled" as a "bureaucrat".

Sim is not only of Scottish ancestry on both sides; he was born and formed in Glasgow before he came out here. His grandfather was a fine old-school business man and craftsman, combined in one business the three sides of the furniture trade then usually distinct. You got wood, seasoned it and made it into furniture; then "polishing", finishing it to suit your customer, was another job, and after that selling was a trade of its own. The old man did all three jobs, but he wanted cash for his products, and when the Glasgow merchants introduced instalment plan selling, he couldn't follow along with the times. The family business was lost. Dave's father at forty, with a wife and six children, of whom Dave was the eldest, brought up with all a Scot should ever expect to have, and life-long expectation of inheriting the family business, was too proud to face the change of circumstances among his friends in Glasgow. He took twelve-year-old Dave with him and came out to Canada to get settled in advance of transporting the rest of the family. The Sims naturally gravitated to the furniture centre of this country, Kitchener.

Life wasn't too awful for the Sims —they got on their feet. But there were a lot of them, and frisky, intelligent young Dave, topping the string, couldn't waste much time over education. After two years in Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate—the same educational institution previously graced by the presence of William Lyon Mackenzie King—he got out on a job, took over reading half the city meters for Kitchener and Waterloo Light Commission, characteristically read 'em so fast he was getting round to each house every three weeks instead of once a month. Astonished Commission brought him inside to wear off his energy helping make up the bills, paid him fifty dollars a month, which wasn't bad for his age.

Soldier at Sixteen

Directly war broke out, he tried to rush the army, couldn't get away with it till November 1915, when he slipped in at the age of 16½. He was too small, too young, too undeveloped to make immediately into a soldier. He had gone on studying at home after he left school, because his hard-shelled Baptist father planned as a matter of course to send one of his six sons to the pulpit, and Dave was supposed to be it. Father was a deacon of the local church, never permitted playing cards in the house, wouldn't break the Sabbath to the extent of riding on a street car. Dave's recreation had been debating in the Young People's Society of the church, studying Latin and Greek with the Rev. Joseph Janes, formerly a professor at Woodstock college, who, since there was no question of any money ever coming his way for this service, must have had stout ideas about his own responsibility in making a padre out of young Sim. Dave also played musical instruments. He was pretty good on the cornet, so the army broke him in as a bugler—buck private.

Dave learned lots in the army—and learned it fast. When the 118th Battalion sent its best men overseas to reinforce the First Canadian Infantry Battalion, Dave went along. So he found himself on November 6, 1917, shot through the abdomen at Passchendaele, left to die in the midst of the battle. However, five surrendering Germans gathered him up as their passport for safe transport through the Canadian lines, carried him to a field station and thus saved his life.

Long recuperation in England had its compensations with leaves to visit all the aunts and cousins in Scotland, but there wasn't quite enough doing to keep Dave out of mischief. They soaked him 28 days for a little business about one of his pals and leave tickets, so he arranged to have a major operation on his badly mussed midrif, found that even the attendant pain left the hospital still a far better place to spend those twenty-eight days than the guard house would have been.

War over, the youthful victorious-soldier-returning-home to Kitchener wondered what to do now. He had made good use of the army's offering of the Khaki College overseas, had polished off his matriculation. Every Scot is an intuitive banker. Like his present associate, Donald Gordon, Chief of Wartime Prices and Trade Board, he took himself a lowly beginner's job with the Bank of Nova Scotia. Pocketing his pride as a grown man, he went out collecting drafts, a thing boys usually do.

The days of Dave's lowered dignity were few. In the Bank of Nova Scotia, as in everything else he has tackled since, his progress was a balloon ascension. Within one year he was in the "cage", handling the cash, in three or four acting pro-accountant. In 1924 he had to rush the gun again. For years he'd sung in the same choir with Ada Helen Inrig, but came the day when he discovered he wanted to marry her. The Bank of Nova Scotia doesn't let its young gentlemen marry on anything less than $1500 a year, and it only valued Dave at $1300 in 1924. So Dave left 'em, walked right out of a good certainty for the adventure of marriage, just as he will no doubt walk out of the Ottawa civil service one day for adventure. He landed in Waterloo Trust Co., controlled largely by the directors of Dominion Life and Mutual Life, was soon opening their bond department. Clients viewed their savings, asked advice of the officers, and the reply became —if you want to buy a bond, see Sim.

Joining Everything

Dave sang on in the choir, learned to play a new musical instrument every year, and developed into the greatest mixer and joiner! He belonged to the Masons, the Veterans, Rotary, taught a class in Tuxis (something akin to Boy Scouts), became Captain and Adjutant of the Waterloo Reserve Regiment, Secretary of the Young Men's Club. He gave speeches at the drop of the hat and simply loves doing it, any time, anywhere, about almost anything.

First whiff of the salt air of political life came into his nostrils when Clare Moyer (now clerk of the Senate) rolled into Kitchener in a private car, as private secretary shepherding Prime Minister King to an Old Boys' Reunion. Moyer's job looked to Dave like nice work—if you could get it. But when W. D. Euler in 1926 first suggested that as Minister of National Revenue he would like Sim as his private secretary, Dave stalled about leaving his Trust Company and his affluent prospects, to journey to Ottawa on a private secretary's salary. However, the following year he did just that.

Following the great scandal in the Customs Department, with numerous investigations and much publicity, Euler was put in to clean the place up, establish a new order, did, according to the man who served him as secretary, a grand job, and brought business methods into a government department in a new way.

When Mr. Euler went back to fight the 1930 election in Kitchener, Sim followed along, carrying on the business of the Department on the side as the campaign boiled away. With the defeat of the Liberal Government, Sim laid his mental plans for return to Kitchener to stay, but first polished off the 250 odd letters of acknowledgement, etc. for the incoming Minister, the Hon. E. B. Ryckman, dyed in the wool, typical Tory. So expertly did he "polish up the handle of the big front door" that Ryckman kept him on and on.

Ryckman was a new type for Sim, a man of culture, assured in his position beyond the strivings of Kitchener clans, judicial in his approach to problems, talked to Sim as Lord Chesterfield did to his son, taught him to pause to hunt for facts before deciding any issue on passion.

After Mr. Ryckman's death, Sim was blanketed into the permanent service under the Ministers' Private Secretaries' Act, along with the distinguished bouquet that included Watson Sellar, Mike Cullen, Campney and Fulgence Charpentier. Sim was made a Chief Clerk. He was appointed Commissioner of Excise in 1934, at the age of 35, with his civil service balloon ascension well under way.

It was on Sunday, September 3, 1939, that Norman Rogers, then Minister of National Defence, called the famous meeting to form a War Prices Board that would prevent anything happening in this war such as the war profiteering of 1914-1918. Sunday afternoon, Hector McKinnon as kingpin began the session at his house, with Fred McGregor and Dave Sim, and later the three were joined by Mr. Rogers himself. First the acorn —then Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Donald Gordon, controlled economy and what have you.

That first Sunday, it looked like just what it turned out to be—a prospect of plenty headaches. The thought was expressed among the three, civil servants not in the ordinary way expected to face the public's criticism, that if some could afford to give their lives in the coming war, they themselves could afford to give their reputations.

By the act of freely giving his reputation to Canada, Sim made it. He acquired additional jobs, each new one the result of his competence in handling the last. He is today, in addition to his Deputy-ship, Director of Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation Ltd., member of Wartime Prices and Trade Board, and of Foreign Exchange Control Board, and Administrator of Alcoholic Beverages and Tobacco. Feeling that in a public job you must be careful lest associating only with other public servants your outlook might become purely civil service, and you might come to feel yourself God Almighty, Sim kept his association with the fellows who make things, sell, reach the customer who is always right, through his membership in Rotary. He was proud to be elected President of that businessman's club while a civil servant.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Farmer Wants Free Trade

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of August 28 a Mr. Paul Murphy sets out to show that "Parity Prices" for farm products are of no lasting value to farmers. Mr. Murphy does not say if he is talking for the Eastern farmers or for the whole of Canada, although he leads one to believe that he includes Western Canada as well.

To phrase it in the vernacular Mr. Murphy is "barking up the wrong tree", as far as Western Canada is concerned, for internal Parity Prices have no relation to an article produced for export. The prices for all Western Canada farm products are based on the world's price, and it is quite apparent to anybody that no government or body of men could pay the farmers such a price as would allow them to live in the same scale of comfort as the city worker; it would mean taxing the people of Canada (including the farmer) some hundreds of million dollars per year, which is an impossible situation.

To confine this argument to cereals, which are Western Canada's chief product, the operational cost to the farmer, for raising wheat, oats and barley is $7 per acre and this cost varies very little from year to year. Of course today the costs are higher owing to war conditions. Labor is getting 2½ times higher wages than two years ago, whilst the farmer is bearing the increased cost of living for his hired help. Speaking generally, however, farm wages are not an important factor in the profit and loss account. The all-important factors are the yield per acre and the price per bushel, both unknown quantities at the time of seeding.

To whom does Mr. Murphy refer when saying "Farm Interests" in talking about the farmer's share of the national income? It certainly does not come from farmers themselves, for they have never wrangled with either labor or capital on this subject. As I mentioned, labor does not enter into the picture of farm profits and losses. Capital might, in the case of a few men getting together and manufacturing certain farmers' necessities, and having friends at court, getting a tariff put on the import of articles such as linen goods, woollen goods, tin cans, etc., etc.

Parity of prices as regards wages between labor and the farmer himself is not a bone of contention here. The farmer pays himself out of the profit, if there is any. Wages, as such, for the farmer, have little relation to the index of living costs. Mr. Murphy still loses sight of the fact that the home market has little bearing on the farmer's income; his one concern is what will the export market pay him, and how much can they take. Mr. Murphy even talks of creating an artificial scarcity of farm products, which, of course, is suicidal, for the whole world raises agricultural products and would just pass us by, as they did in 1929-30.

The farmer's one and only complaint is the uncertainty of the difference between operational costs, which are a fixed liability, and the price he will receive for his goods. His revenue is an unknown quantity, no matter how well he farms and what business acumen he brings in to his work. With the exception of threshing costs, it costs the farmer just the same per acre to grow five bushels as it does 50 bushels per acre. His yield is dependent on weather conditions, and his price on the world's yield per acre.

To return to Mr. Murphy's "Parity discussion." — The Parity that the farmer asks for is THE RIGHT TO BUY HIS NECESSITIES IN THE SAME MARKET THAT HE SELLS HIS PRODUCE IN, WHICH IS THE WORLD'S FREE TRADE MARKET, and, given that ordinary right he could save so much on his costs that he would be able to stand on his own feet without government interference or so-called help. This surely is not asking too much of a parity. Is there any business concern in Canada which can sell its products in a free trade market and turn round and buy its necessities in a heavily protected market?

Headingley, Man. S. MELVILLE WEBB,

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

ing the constitution, which they certainly do not do, but as indicating a present limitation to the claim of the competence of the Dominion Parliament to effect such amendment. They expressly do not claim any such competence in regard to matters coming within the jurisdiction of the provincial legislatures. This leaves in the air the whole question of the proper procedure in regard to such matters. Can the clauses dealing with such matters be amended by a majority of the provinces? Can they be amended only with unanimous consent of all the provinces? Can they be amended without the consent of the Dominion—as the Dominion clauses can be amended without the consent of the provinces?

All we know now is that the present Dominion Government does not claim that they *can* be amended by the Dominion Parliament alone. That, however, is a point on which we expressed doubt some weeks ago, and which we now find to have been made clear by Mr. King's earlier letter.

Not So Socialistic

ANY idea that optimists may have entertained, that the original guiding principle of Socialism — long since rejected by the world's one great Socialist country,—the principle of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need," would make any appeal to Canadian trade unionists, must have been completely removed by recent developments in several great unions. The accent which has been placed by well-meaning Labor Courts on the necessity for a minimum wage sufficient to permit of a tolerable standard of living has led to a good deal of scaling up of the lowest wages in various industries, unaccompanied by parallel increases in higher schedules. It appears to have been thought by the Labor Courts that this would be viewed with philosophy, if not with fraternal approval, by the higher-paid workers; but this is very far from the case.

In practically every instance, the next higher grade of workers, who find that the formerly lowest-paid grade has now been brought up to, or almost up to, their own level, have violently protested, taking the ground that the differential between the two rates was a matter of essential justice and must on no account be obliterated. They had not complained, and would not have complained, about their own wages *per se*. Their only objection to them now is, not that they are inadequate, but that they are not sufficiently above that of the lower grade. What they insist upon is the differential. They would be content if the lower-paid workers were left with their lower pay; but if the lower-paid workers are to be raised, they themselves must be raised too.

Experienced industrial managers express no surprise at this; they have always been aware of the fact that wages are comparative, not absolute. They know that if the second grade of workers, to whom the lowest grade have now been assimilated, were given an increase which would restore their differential, the third grade, immediately above them, would immediately demand a corresponding raise; so that any attempt to better the position of the lowest grade workers because they urgently need it has to be followed by a general raising of the wage scale all along the line. But to the sentimental Socialists, and we suspect to some of the Labor Court people (who of course are new at their jobs), it seems to come as an unpleasant surprise.

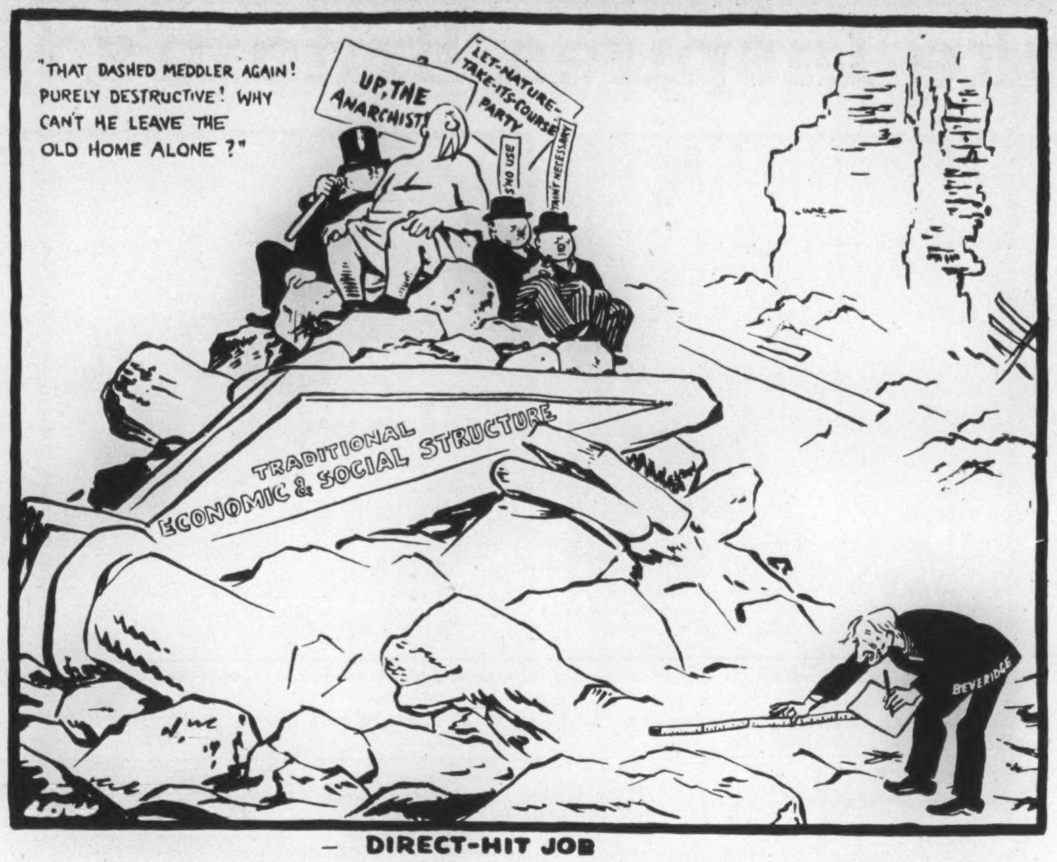
THE INNER VALUES

STERNLY we guard our ornamental clay;
Brave muscles, velvet shoulders, rounded limbs,
And snowy bosoms with their rosy rims,
And feet miraculous and cunning hands.
These, are these all our manhood understands?
Dreading the flying shard that burns and tears
Or searing gases, creeping unawares?

Flesh is but withering grass, no less, no more;
But underneath is what the world has learned
Since Moses bowed before the bush that burned,
Since Socrates walked placid in the grove,
Since Plato wrote and Saul of Tarsus strove
And saints defied the faggot and the spear
Until the dream of Liberty came clear.

Passion of love and friendliness we know.
These are beyond the flesh; the gems enshrined
Within the five-fold gateway of the mind;
The sense of beauty, eloquence of art,
Music and order; all life's better part.
—Come all of Barbary, in blood-smeared bands,
These we defend with lightning in our hands.

J. E. MIDDLETON.


"THAT DASHED MEDDLER AGAIN! PURELY DESTRUCTIVE! WHY CAN'T HE LEAVE THE OLD HOME ALONE?"
UP, THE ANARCHISTS
LET-NATURE-TAKE-ITS-COURSE PARTY
S'NO USE
TAINT NECESSARY
TRADITIONAL ECONOMIC & SOCIAL STRUCTURE
BEVERIDGE
LOW

— DIRECT-HIT JOB

There is, of course, a good deal of human nature in man, and it is that quality which makes Utopia so difficult to attain. Differentials are the natural result of a long established and generally received opinion that job A requires either more muscle or more attention or more risk or more endurance of unpleasantness or more skill than job B and is therefore entitled to more remuneration. If job A is not provided with more remuneration, the workers will quit it and devote themselves to job B, and if they are not allowed to take job B they will either loaf or strike on job A. It is all quite unreasonable to those people who suppose that any given job must be worth a certain amount of cash irrespective of whether some other job is paid too much or too little. But the truth is that what any job is worth is determined largely by comparison with the adjacent and similar jobs immediately above and below it; and the scale of differentials in any industry is probably more sacred than any individual wage rate.

The unions also object to another device by which it is proposed that society should endeavor to meet the problem of the worker whose labor has not sufficient value on the market to enable him to keep himself and bring up his family, namely the device of family allowances. It is apparently their belief that the lowest grades of labor should be paid *in wages* enough to bring up a family, and all higher grades should be scaled up from that level with the existing differentials. This of course would lead to so heavy an over-payment of the total of workers that there would be a prompt rise of prices, the bottom grades would have to have their wages raised again, the higher grades would follow, prices would rise again, and we should be fully engaged in the never-ending spiral of inflation.

"Soft" Thinking

THERE is a great deal of "soft" thinking about how we are going to get back to normal peace-time conditions after the war. It is assumed by the Socialists that all that is necessary is that the government should take charge of everything; and that is indeed a simple and radical solution of the primary problem, the only difficulty being that it brings in its train a great many new and perplexing problems about freedom and compulsion and the fixing of values and wages and the power of bureaucrats. Many people are worried about these concomitant problems; those who are not become Socialists.

But many people who are not Socialists also assume rather more than seems justifiable to us. They assume that full employment can be maintained by the state simply filling in the interstices, so to speak, of private purchasing power; if the demand for bricklayers falls off, the state steps in and has some bricks laid.

This is surely much too simple. The decline in the demand for bricklayers might conceivably be due to a too high price for bricklaying, brought about perhaps by the exactions of some bricklayers' union, or perhaps by the rise of some highly efficient and cheap substitute for brick walls. Is the state to take no cognizance of these things? Is it to act on the assumption that when a bricklayer is unemployed he is entitled to be hired by the state to lay bricks, whether bricks are needed to be laid or not, and whether his terms are outrageous or not?

We believe in the Compensatory Budget theory, but only with certain safeguards. It will work, in a community in which everybody concerned exhibits a reasonable modicum of good faith. It will not work in a community in which every interest starts right in to get the maximum benefit for itself and to hell with the others.

When full employment has become the avowed policy of the national economy, for example, it will not be either necessary or possible for labor organizations to maintain the innumerable regulations by which they have endeavored for many years past to "stretch" the supply of employment for their own crafts and memberships and to bar any other craft from the slightest encroachment on their territory. But these regulations and practices have become part of the ritual of trade unionism, and we hear no suggestion from any labor quarter that they will be abandoned. Indeed it is rare to hear any labor quarter admit that they exist.

Similarly there is much that the employers will have to concede if full employment in any practical sense is to become a reality; from the general run of employers we hear nothing to encourage any hope that these concessions will be made, though from a few of the largest and wisest there have been words of cheer. The automotive industry, for example, seems to realize that it will have to abandon its long-maintained practice of each producer seeking to "beat his rivals to the gun" with the introduction of new models, with the result of an alternation of long periods of shutdown and long periods of feverish activity. The state is already impinging on this sort of thing with its Unemployment Insurance, and may have to impinge a lot more if employment is to cease to be a thing that a Canadian can expect to have for fifty-two weeks in one year, thirty-five the next and perhaps twenty the year after—an expectation which is not going to be good enough in 1944 and from there on. But the state cannot do everything. There must be an all-round spirit of collaboration, or we shall get nowhere at all—or right into Socialism, which to many of us would be the same thing. And the country is not quite ready for Socialism yet, is it?

THE PASSING SHOW

SALESMAN'S slogan for 1945: Two helicopters in every garage!

•

DROP 1,000 TONS ON PARIS AREA, HIT BERLIN

—Headline in Toronto *Star*.

With luck like that, why do we bother about precision bombing?

•

We suggest that Mussolini's dismissal of the King of Italy is unconstitutional. The King got in his dismissal of Mussolini first.

•

Edgar Burton's promise that wartime restrictions will be repealed in peacetime will certainly cost him the Better Bureaucrats' Medal.

•

German colonists are fleeing westward from the Ukraine, leaving their crops behind them. Afraid the Grim Reaper will come before the reapers.

•

First prize for postwar planning goes to the Germans, who according to Duff Cooper are already arranging for the Third World War.

•

A pound of butter costs $22 in the Netherlands black market, an egg $1.50, and a pound of coffee $100. There is no treating at meals; everybody goes Dutch.

•

A Montreal want ad calls for "Woman to lean four hours a day." But no lying down on the job!

•

A mere earthquake is credited with 1,400 Japanese casualties, and the U.S. Marine Corps is frightfully jealous.

•

Britain has a black market in cosmetics. A lipstick-up?

•

Hoboes complain of the number of female transients on the road today. It is no longer considered obligatory to give your seat on the rods to a lady.

•

The Germans have clearly forgotten the injunction that in Rome you do as the Romans do.

•

The Critic

We've heard about the Yes-man
  Who serves the good and great,
Who hurries to confess an
  Opinion that will mate.
But nowadays another
  Too often blocks our way,
The fearsome Yes-BUT brother
  Who questions all we say.

J. E. M.

•

Our solution for the coal problem didn't turn out so good. We find that woollen drawers aren't too plentiful either.

•

So sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Tojo, but we'll attend to you just as soon as we finish with these other gentlemen.

•

"A corollary arising from this is that wages and working conditions in the Socialist state will be fixed under the authority of either an elective legislature or a dictator."—The *Letter-Review*.

That's exactly why we don't feel inclined to carol about it.

•

"Butter consumption in Canada is running at two million pounds per month more than pre-war normal." The reason why we are not allowed to eat more butter is that we are eating more butter.

•

Unilateral Co-operation

Mr. Buck has wired Mr. Coldwell that he never said that his party intends to co-operate with the CCF "whether the CCF likes it or not." Well, all he said was that "We shall co-operate with members and supporters of the CCF in the factories, in the trade union movement, and in every phase of community life, as well as political activity with a view to achieving unity in action for the common interests of the working class and the nation." He made no reservation for the case of the CCF not liking it, and the CCF definitely doesn't like it.

•

Himmler is now the strong man in Germany. The hanger has succeeded the paper-hanger.

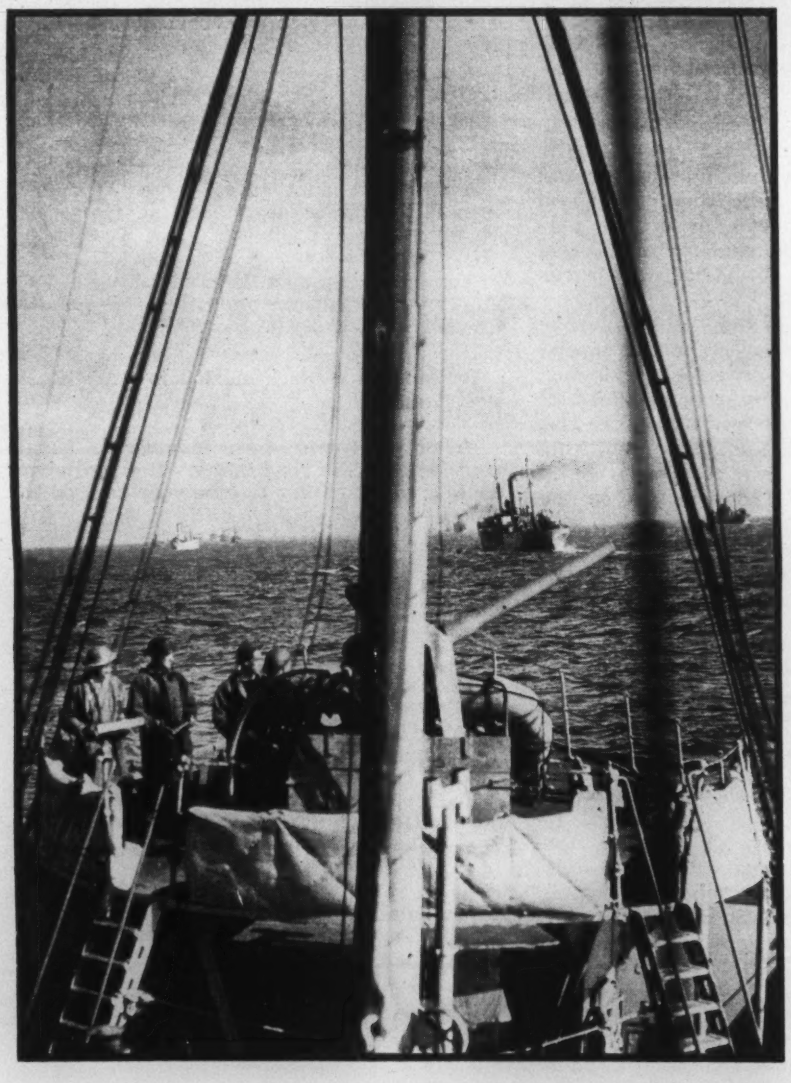
•

After all, it was kind of the Italians to save their navy for us.

Spirit of Drake Inspires Britain's "Little Ships"

Looking aft showing the guns on board one of the ships of Britain's "pocket navy."

M.G.Bs. in line abreast, leave for home in the dawn after raiding an enemy convoy.



Crew of a coastal trawler on convoy duty in the English Channel stand ready to man the guns at the first sign of enemy action.

By G. L. Hopkins

WHEN the Spanish Armada sailed up the Channel in 1588, it was the *little* Ships, slipping out from every creek and harbor of the South Coast which brought about its downfall, and ever since those days it has been the tradition of little ships which has inspired the most successful developments of the British Navy.

Those early sailors set about their work in the spirit of Commandos or guerilla bands. Today, in much the same manner, the Little Ships of the Royal Navy, carry out unceasing and dangerous duties safeguarding the shores of Britain and patrolling its coastal waters. Week-in, week-out, stories are told of their brilliant actions, most of them fought at night, in which the men of England's light coastal craft, consisting of Motor Gun Boats and Motor Torpedo Boats, engage and batter enemy E-boats and convoys right under the nose of Nazi shore batteries. The crews, who take things easy in the daytime, are briefed before setting out at night in much the same way as air crews.

The little ships are anonymous; just a serial number, MTB 555 or MGB 666, designates these small craft of Britain's pocket navy. Because of their fast speeds and wide cruising radius (the MTBs can hit 45 knots), these small wooden streamlined ships whose sole defensive armament is heavy machine guns and anti-aircraft weapons, are ideal for patrol work. Nightly under cover of darkness, they slip out into the Channel, patrol until early dawn in sight of the enemy coast, and unload their torpedoes at any unlucky Nazi target they may find. Many enemy supply ships, hugging the coast, fall victim to these hard-hitting speedy craft. Sailing in them has been compared to "riding a mad mustang in a Wild West rodeo". Below decks all upperworks are padded with thick rubber to reduce the chance of injury to the crew, when hurled by the seas on quick manoeuvres against bulkheads or the ship's sides.

The MGBs—Motor Gun Boats—slip out beyond the minefields and patrol in wait for German E-boats bent on surprising British coastal convoys. Daily important convoys pass up and down the East Coast of England, escorted by these Little Ships of the Royal Navy. They make their passage with almost the regular service of a London bus, taking goods from the North to the South and from the South coast and London river to the North.

"He who commands the Channel dominates the whole Atlantic", German Vice-Admiral Bruninghaus announced recently. So complete is the Royal Navy's mastery off the British Isles, that it uses the Channel, known as "E-boat Alley", as a school where the captains and crews of these small "flyweight fighters" can practice the manoeuvres which make it possible for them to "slip under the enemy's guard" and twist back out of reach before the foe knows what has hit him.

Other British coastal craft, minelayers and trawlers, share the current battlefield, as it lies in the Straits. By day and night, British minelayers are at sea, laying countless minefields at the approaches to enemy shores. Theirs is a perilous job, though unspectacular—for handling mines, even friendly ones, involves risk. These "charwomen of the sea" who clean enemy mines out of shipping lanes, also do their share of coastal patrol. Since the war started more than 100 minesweepers have been lost, but the service has grown constantly, and now has 25,000 men employed in it.

Coastal trawlers frequently act as escorts of East Coast convoys. Because of their shallow draught, they can provide protection in waters approaching harbors, where heavier vessels cannot go. Trawlers have the job of rounding up stragglers, standing by a damaged ship or giving her a tow to the nearest port.

Little craft men are all young. Their average age, including commanders and officers is 24. Most of the crews are younger. But they come from all walks of life. Since no one can claim a position of "safety" where wind and weather, gunfire and torpedoes, must imperil all alike, an intense personal loyalty binds together crews and leaders. The spirit of comradeship finds a natural home on ships.

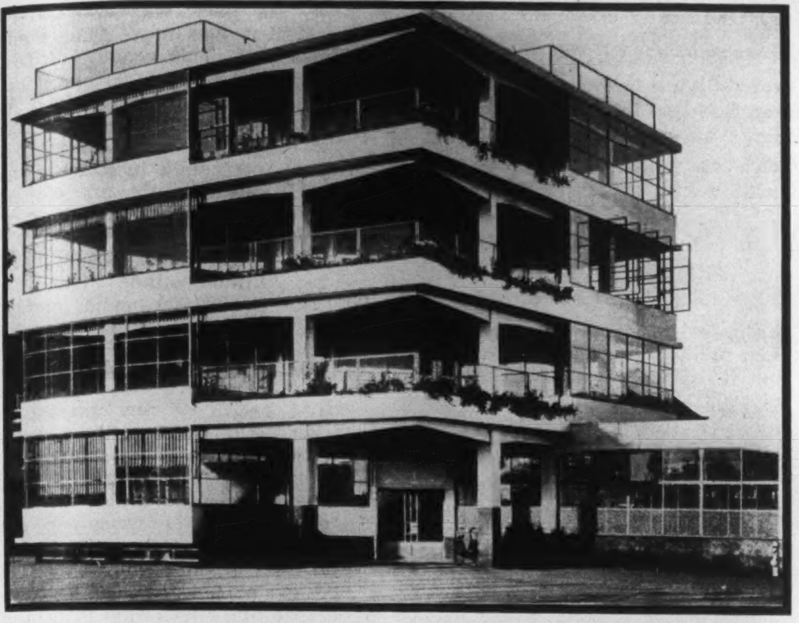
During Dunkirk, sounds of German gunfire, it is said, echoed back from Dover cliffs, "like the roll of Drake's drums." The personal loyalty of crews to single leaders, the reliance of born sailors on swift and easily handled vessels brought away the armies from Dunkirk in 1940, just as similar qualities had trounced the unwieldy fleets of Spain three hundred years earlier. And so long as Britain has her "Little Ships"—and that spirit which has informed her seafaring men for four hundred years, "Britannia needs no bulwarks".

Exploding Nazi mines with rifles has a sporting flavor, but it's just one part of the job of clearing sea lanes.

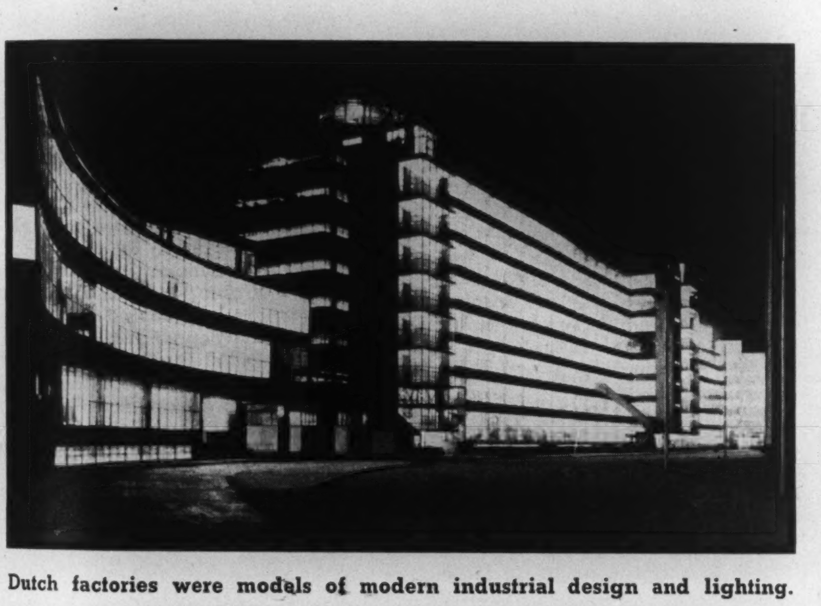
There's more than trouble "cooking" in this small but up-to-date galley aboard one of the fast E-boat chasers.

Crew of a minesweeper cast over the Oropesa float. It serves to hold the cutting gear at the correct angle.

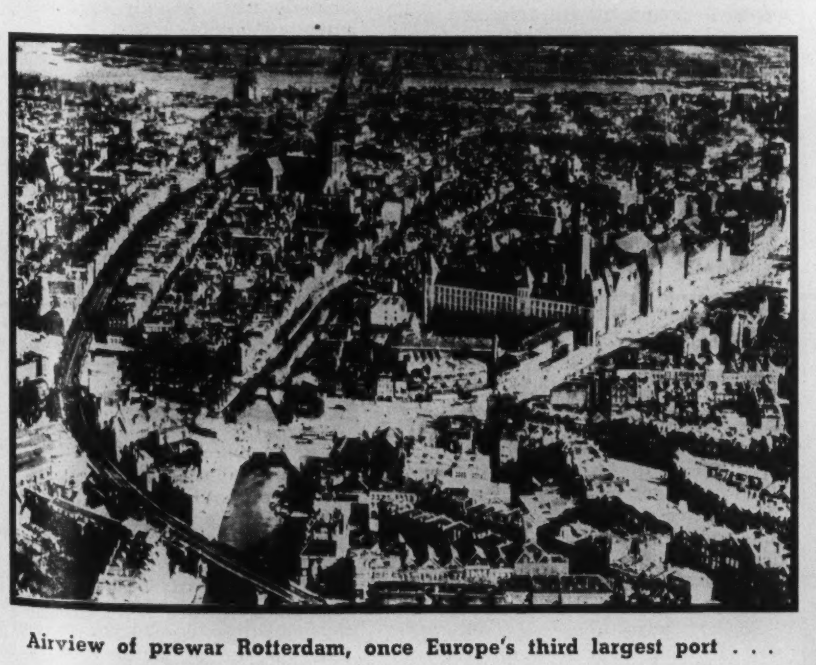
Dutch Nation Awaits the Day of Reckoning



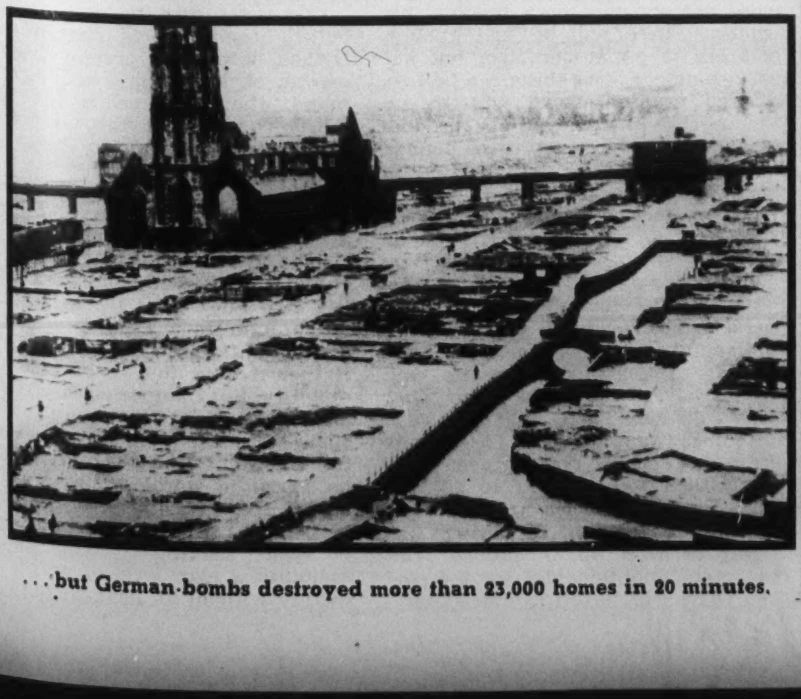
Dutch education liked a modern setting. Open-air school in Amsterdam.



Dutch factories were models of modern industrial design and lighting.



Airview of prewar Rotterdam, once Europe's third largest port . . .



. . . but German bombs destroyed more than 23,000 homes in 20 minutes.

By Margaret K. Zieman

AUTHENTIC photographs, authorized by the Government of the Netherlands, and exhibited for the first time in Canada in the Avon House Galleries of the Robert Simpson Company Limited in Toronto, record the historic and tragic sequence of events when the Nazi war machine swept into Holland. The exhibition, sponsored by the Netherlands Relief Fund (Ontario Branch) and officially opened by H.R.H. Princess Juliana was previously on view in the Library of Congress in Washington, and will go on to the Museum of Sciences and Industry in Chicago and the Brooklyn Museum in Brooklyn, New York.

Here in most dramatic fashion is revealed the complete story of the Dutch people's courageous resistance to brutal and unprovoked attack . . . How in the early morning of May 10, 1940, German paratroopers landed on Airfield Waalhaven at Rotterdam and at the Hague, while other units crossed the rivers at Holland's Eastern Frontier. In the three ensuing years, the world has had increasing experience of the sheer ruthlessness of Nazi blitzkrieg tactics—to the point of becoming inured to tales of callous and indiscriminate destruction. But in the days immediately following the invasion of the Netherlands, only the scantiest reports of the cruel devastation laid upon Rotterdam, once Europe's third largest port, were whispered abroad. The tragic picture lay hidden behind the dark veil of Nazi censorship.

But now these photographs serve to strip away the mystery surrounding those events. They show how the Dutch unhesitatingly destroyed the Rotterdam airdrome to prevent further landings by Nazi paratroopers and planes, but in vain—for the Germans used the highways as landing fields. Bridges costing millions of dollars were blown up to prevent crossing of Nazi troops at the Eastern Frontier, but the Hun onslaught could not be stopped. And from the skies, bombs rained down upon defenceless Rotterdam to destroy more than 23,000 homes in 20 minutes, an unparalleled example of Nazi terroristic tactics.

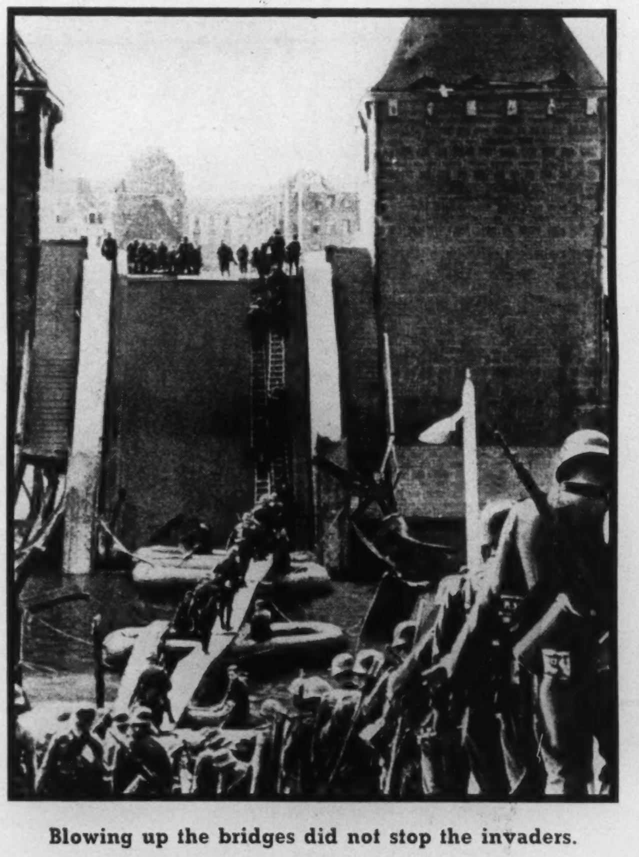
Perhaps even more pertinent than the tale of destruction is the new insight these pictures supply of modern Holland's notable development in pre-war years in both domestic and industrial architecture. Seeing them, Canadians can no longer think of Holland in terms of quaint windmills, dykes, starched Dutch caps and wooden shoes—ideas that somehow give the impression of a picturesque but backwards country, clinging to the old, and averse to innovations. These photographs of spacious factory buildings—marvels of modern lighting, of schools, department stores and workers' housing units obviously well in advance of like developments on this continent, make the destruction wrought by Nazi bombs doubly a crime against civilization and progress.

In direct contrast, photographs showing the land reclaimed by the great Zuider Zee drainage project illustrate Holland's "method of conquest". Territory thus "conquered" will support 300,000 agriculturists, whereas the sea provided a living for only 3,000 fishermen.

Seeing these pictures Canadians will have new insight into the lives and character of a courageous people, still bravely fighting on for victory at home and abroad.

Rotterdam in flames. The Dutch will not forget!

Nazi units crossed the rivers at the Eastern Frontier.



Blowing up the bridges did not stop the invaders.

Germans used the highways for paratroop landings.

Italy's Collapse Aggravates Our Food Problem

BY ANNE FROMER

The surrender of Italy is about to be brought home to every man, woman and child in Canada. For the foremost need of the disrupted Italian economy is for food, for which she looks, in large part, to Canada.

The provision of that food will not be easy. Were she to consume every ounce grown for home use, Canada would still have 10 per cent less to eat than in 1942.

The seriousness of the shortages, and where they occur, are dealt with in this article.

THE surrender of the Italians is a great victory for the front line generals—and a great headache for the home front planners. While there is not a single person in all the United Nations who does not rejoice at the triumph, to a number of key men the joy is tempered in much the same way as is the welcome to unexpected guests by a hospitable housewife who has already planned her dinner down to the last budgeted ounce of meat, potato and string bean.

For the men who are doing the worrying are those whose gigantic task it is to feed the nations fighting and working on "our side"--and still find enough food to nourish the populations of enemy-held territory, even of enemy lands, when they are taken over by the advancing armies. It will be done, of course, and no one will starve, but in this fifth year of war the leaders admit that food is an issue second only to purely military matters.

Take Canada's situation. Even before the fall of Italy, the planners of this country, which has become one of the key food producers in the United Nations' war economy, realized that, from the winter of this year on, there would be grave shortages in many basic products for home consumption, and that their objective must be, not how high a standard of living could be maintained in Canada, but how closely they could manage to make the limited choice and quantity of foodstuffs meet the nation's basic nutritional needs.

In this article Canada's 14 food administrators reveal exactly where we stand. In a nutshell, Canadians will have to eat about 10 per cent less food than they have been accustomed to. And that, incidentally, is about the only thing that will come in nutshells until the war ends. Nuts will be about as hard-to-find as dried apricots. Only cheerful spot in the dried fruit situation—if there's anything cheerful about them—is prunes.

Necessity's Menu

In general, the Dominion will have to manage almost entirely with what she grows, with the exception of tea, coffee and sugar. The government is beginning to take a rather dim view of subsidies. Here then is the menu that necessity has prepared for the average Canadian family:

Meat: of every five pounds of pork produced in this country, four pounds go to Britain. The result has been a heavy strain on normal beef, lamb and poultry supplies. Accentuating the beef shortage further is the fact that farmers, naturally anxious to increase their herds while demand is heavy and prices good, have been keeping cows which would normally be sold for beef, as breeding stock. Probably 100,000 cows have been saved from the butchers' knives in order to produce more calves. And it will be at least a year before their offspring becomes meat.

Too, Eastern Canada's feed crop for livestock is just half of normal this year. The government is subsidizing western food grains shipped east to help make up this deficiency, but it would require the movement of 100,000,000 bushels to bring supplies up to requirements. Since the grain shortage also affects chicken production and egg output, Canadians will have to get a larger-than-ever proportion of their proteins and B1 vitamins from cereals and legumes.

Why not fish? Here it is a combination of short supply and economics. After Japan entered the war, 1,200 fishing boats which had been operated by Japanese on the Pacific coast were "frozen" and their crews interned or moved inland. It was a necessary precaution but it took millions of pounds of fish off Canada's tables. White fishermen did not step into the breach. Instead, for a long time, they had been stepping by the hundreds and thousands into the nearest naval recruiting offices. Today they are the backbone of Canada's magnificent navy—and the scarcity of seafood, in no way begrudged, is nevertheless a fact.

On top of all that, economics play their part, and three of four pounds of all the fish, inland and ocean, caught in Canada go where they command the best prices—south of the border. Lake Selkirk whitefish, for example, bring the fisherman 15 cents a pound under Canada's price ceiling, and fetch 25 cents in the United States. Even if the fisherman wanted to sell at Canadian prices, he couldn't afford it. Whitefish costs 19 cents a pound to catch. Alberta lake trout, ceilinged at 21 cents a pound in Ontario are good for 40 cents in the United States. Lake Erie fish are 12 cents in Canada, 20 to 25 cents on the American side.

Vegetarianism?

Vegetarianism will not solve everything. In fact, hardly anything. Most of Canada's "ordinary" winter vegetables are imported from the southern and western states. But the United States prices, already higher than Canada's, have been aggravated further by mild inflation, labor shortages, and heavy demands. So in planning the Dominion's supply of vegetables this winter, authorities were faced with this problem: Is it better to import nothing or to have cabbages selling in Toronto for 75 cents, celery for 45 cents a bunch, tomatoes for 50 cents a pound. They decided the public would rather eat what was left in farm root-cellars than pay such prices.

So, the wise housewife will start now devising ways to make her family enjoy carrots and turnips and more carrots and more turnips this winter. There will be just enough potatoes to go around, too, but not enough onions. One thing can be taken for granted—there will be no shortage of turnips. Canada produces 300 pounds for every three pounds Canadians eat. The rest are fed to animals.

Nature took a hand in doing the Dominion out of millions of pounds of fruit which would otherwise be lining cellar shelves this winter. She just didn't produce them. It was the worst fruit crop in 25 years. Plums will soon be a memory; peaches have already petered out; pears and grapes have three weeks to go. That leaves apples. There will be a rush on apples when the other fresh fruits are gone, and the apple growers are doing their valiant best to fill the gap. But even apples are "down"—10 per cent fewer than last year.

Anyone who thinks canned fruit has been "unobtainable" for the past two years will have to think again—the 1941 pack was 2,000,000 cases. In 1942 it was more than a million and a half. This year it will be 800,000 cases.

Man's most essential food, milk, will remain unrationed. The authorities explain there is no actual shortage of fresh milk in so far as nutritional requirements are concerned, but there frequently is a shortage in relation to demand. In 1939 this country's fluid milk consumption was three billion pounds. This year it will be 660,000,000 pounds more than that.

New Attitude to Milk

The result of the quasi-shortage is that Canadians will be urged to "change their attitude towards milk." Instead of considering it a pleasant between-meal beverage, an alternative to water or soda-pop, it will have to be treated as the food it is, and used in the same way as cheese or meat or potatoes—as an essential part of one's nutrition instead of as an "extra".

Canned milk, already a "sometimes" commodity—sometimes it can be found in groceries, sometimes not—is likely to be missing more frequently in the future, especially in areas where fresh milk is relatively plentiful. This is because the supply is being allocated to non-dairy regions.

The resourceful housewife who has been making savory dishes out of simple substances, depending on the magic of herbs and spices for their appeal, is going to find these piquant ingredients harder and harder to get. Even black pepper will be scarce.

Since Pearl Harbor, practically no spices have come from the east, and Canada has been drawing on the United States' stockpile.

Now it is almost exhausted. The alternative, "ersatz" spices, have already begun to appear on the market. These are made from a cereal base, flavored with essential oils.

Strangely enough, it is in products from far lands, tea and coffee, that Canada most closely approaches an adequate supply. Now it can be told that the Dominion nearly followed the United States in removing coffee from the rationed list recently—but one shipload, sunk before it could reach a Canadian port, kept rationing in effect. However, officials predict that both tea and coffee will be unrationed by Christmas.

It is not going to be easy to make up for slight shortages in the larder by getting a "boughten" cake at the corner shop or by munching candy bars between meals. All varieties of cakes and confections, sweets and soft drinks, are to be scarcer.

Soft Wheat Short

Take cookies and such things: The new crop of soft wheat, from which they are made, is only half of last year. Manufacturers are theoretically allowed 70 per cent of their 1941 allotment of sugar and syrup, but the short supply of other ingredients, such as nuts and dried fruits, means that nothing like 70 per cent of the 1941 output of confections can be made.

One reassuring feature of all the belt-tightening facts related above is that, despite the pressure and tug-of-war of low supply and high demand, the price ceiling on foods which come under this control has been kept intact, and officials have every intention of keeping it so.

This is illustrated by even so small an item as chocolate bars. "We knew all along," said one price board official, "that the ceiling prices for chocolate bars were beng maintained. We also knew that the large candy manufacturers were keeping quality and weight at the ceiling price, even if their output had to be limited in quantity. But then we discovered that other manufacturers were putting some quite 'cheap and nasty' bars on the market—often the only kind to be found in retailers' shops--which netted the newcomers a nice profit at ceiling prices. So an order is to be issued making it compulsory to maintain a high level of weight and quality without an increase in price."

For Correct Wartime Lubrication

USE Gargoyle LUBRICANTS

No Mutiny on this "Windjammer"

This is a picture of the business end of an air compressor. The gadget that looks like a surrealistic set of false teeth is a discharge valve—and a "hot spot" to lubricate! The hot compressed air rushing through this valve frequently results in carbon deposits. They cause trouble!

For 77 years the makers of Gargoyle Lubricants have been working on lubricating problems like this—and supplying oils to solve them.

Experience needed!

Wise management, today, is refusing to "take a chance" on lubricants. They must be *correct*. They must be the *best*. Gargoyle Lubricants are designed to these exacting specifications.

Your plant is operating on a heavy wartime schedule. Make use of the world's greatest lubrication experience.

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Sold throughout Canada and Newfoundland

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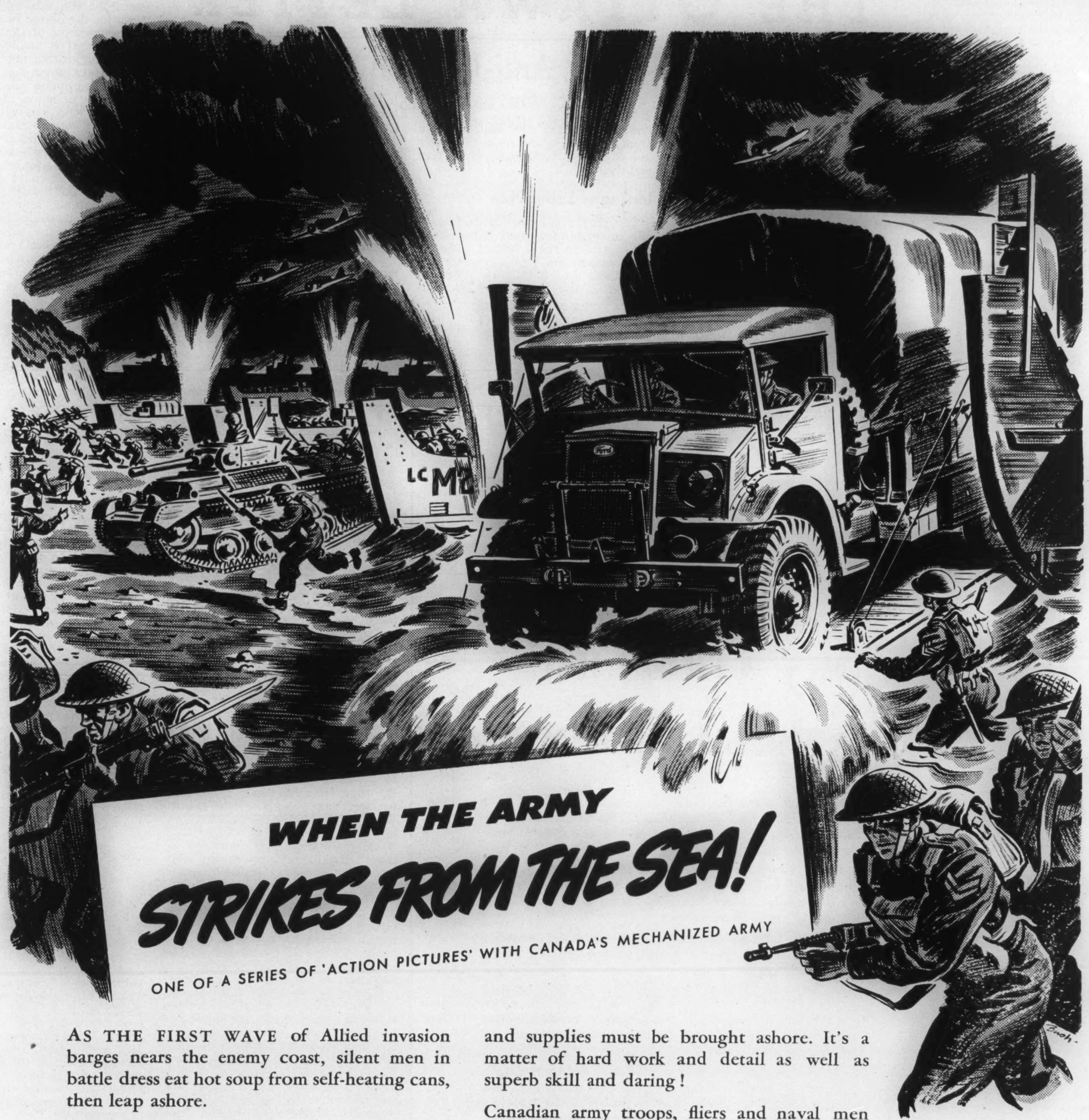
IMPERIAL SERVICE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL...THE WORLD'S QUALITY MOTOR OIL


LCM2
WHEN THE ARMY
STRIKES FROM THE SEA!
ONE OF A SERIES OF 'ACTION PICTURES' WITH CANADA'S MECHANIZED ARMY

AS THE FIRST WAVE of Allied invasion barges nears the enemy coast, silent men in battle dress eat hot soup from self-heating cans, then leap ashore.

On the heels of the assault force, protected by fighter pilots and fighting ships, the second wave from the sea brings heavy vehicles and light tanks.

Most difficult and dangerous of all war operations, taking enemy territory from the sea is complicated by thousands of supply problems. Not only must the army gain and hold a bridge-head, but every single item it needs to exist and fight must be brought by sea and landed under enemy fire. An endless supply of food, water, gasoline, guns, tanks, ammunition and supplies must be brought ashore. It's a matter of hard work and detail as well as superb skill and daring!

Canadian army troops, fliers and naval men are trained in Canada for "Combined Operations". And fighting men from Canada are often chosen to be first onto the beach when the army strikes from the sea!

• • •

Vehicles from Canada, too, are taking part in seaborne invasions, carrying men and supplies deep into enemy territory. Reading between the headlines, 16,000 workers at Ford of Canada take pride in the performance of battle vehicles made and tested at Windsor, Ontario.

"The speed and power and perfection of detail essential to 'Combined Operations' provide a pattern for those who support the fighting men. The pattern calls for each of us to do his individual part—without hesitation, without fail."

PRESIDENT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY FORD V-8 AND MERCURY CARS FORD TRUCKS, TRACTORS AND BUSES **OF CANADA, LIMITED**

LARGEST PRODUCERS OF MILITARY VEHICLES IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Shortening the Anti-Inflation Line

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

FROM the time the inquiry by National War Labor Board into disturbed labor relations was commenced last May we have thought it worth while to try to prepare readers for the impact of the important and probably far-reaching report which was certain to come from this inquiry. We do not remember now whether, in suggesting from time to time the probable nature of the main features of the report, we mentioned that they might be expected to include some recognition of the claim of labor organizations that provision should be made for the cost of living requirements of heads of families in the labor section of the community.

In any case, as it turns out, it is not the recognition which Chairman McTague of NWLB has given to this particular claim of labor that is significant, now that the report is in the hands of the government for action on it, but the manner in which Mr. McTague has incorporated it in the report. The way in which he has chosen to give consideration to this item in labor's bill of rights is entirely different from the manner in which he has conceded other items and it is a way that has brought new turmoil to the economic front. Since word of this feature of the report, together with rumors that it might have a major influence on the government's course, came to the ears of the economic advisers and administrators who have been so gallantly defending the anti-inflation front, they have been more than ever in a state of disheartening perplexity.

McTague Labor Plan

The McTague report, according to our understanding and as we have anticipated in these letters, presents and recommends to the government a definite and bold plan aimed at improving the attitude of labor in industrial relations. As was to have been expected from the unmistakably tender consideration which Mr. McTague and his colleagues gave to the representations of organized labor throughout the inquiry, the plan makes broad concessions. As our readers are aware, these include the lifting of the ceiling from low-level wages, a review and revision of the ceilings on higher wages, a wartime compulsory bargaining law for workers in war industry if not in all employments, and removal of discrepancies in the cost of living bonus —the method recommended being the abandonment of the bonus system and the absorption of bonuses being paid up to the time the plan is put in operation into basic wages.

The plan also provides for the rationalization of wage and labor relations control under revised control orders and under a new administrative system. Wages and labor relations would be placed under separate control bodies as in the United States, these bodies replacing the present War Labor Board which has the duty of adjudication in both matters.

Allowances an Alternative

These provisions of the plan take care in a pretty generous way of most of the grievances submitted by labor organizations during the inquiry. The principal exception is the claim that labor is entitled to provision for the living cost requirements of heads of families. Evidently Mr. McTague saw no way of fitting such a provision to his other wage concessions—and on the face of it there doesn't seem to be any way. But Mr. McTague has not ignored the claim. Unable to squeeze recognition of it into his definite plan for composing labor relations, he dealt with it separately in his report.

His way of doing this—which is the rub—was to offer to the government the suggestion that if it should not be prepared to endure the painful shock of having to relax its anti-inflation controls, and particularly its price ceilings, sufficiently to accommodate the breaches in wage ceilings which his plan called for or to support price ceilings against wage increases by greatly enlarged subsidies, it might get around the difficulty by introducing a system of family allowances as an alternative to his proposed wage increases. These allowances would not be restricted to occupational classes commonly lumped together under the term labor but would extend to all occupational classes. As the scheme would level out in its application, however, the benefit would probably be confined to low-paid workers, because it would be unlikely that the government would make grants against the cost of living to heads of families for dependent children and at the same time continue the deductions from income tax they are now allowed for these dependents. It would be heads of families who are not paying income tax that would profit by the allowances.

McTague Favors Labor Plan

The thing that should, we think, be made clear, because, with the report still unpublished it appears to be not understood, is that this family allowance scheme is no part of the McTague plan for stabilizing labor relations. It is merely a suggestion added to the report of a way of escape for the government from the difficulties involved in the impact of the wage features of the labor plan on the other anti-inflation controls. It does not carry the same recommendation from its author that the labor plan carries. In fact we understand that the report makes it plain that it is the labor plan that McTague wants to see adopted as a design for a rational approach to the solution of labor relations difficulties.

This distinction between the status of the recommended plan and that of the suggestion for avoiding its headaches and embarrassments should dissolve some of the apprehension that the government may elect for the way of escape rather than for the heroic swallowing of the bitter medicine of the McTague plan and all that it involves. The alternative suggestion must have a good deal of attraction for an admittedly politically-minded government.

But the rejection of the advice of the man who was given the job of finding a way to stabilize labor relations and who has presented a plan which he thinks will achieve that end would require a lot of justifying, and the damage it could do to the government politically might easily counterbalance any political advantages which could be expected to accrue from the introduction of a superficially spectacular system of family allowances which would have the appearance of being a nation-wide move in social security but which actually would benefit only a limited section of the people and at a huge cost to the others. The soundest and safest course for the government, and therefore the one most likely to get the decision, would seem to us to be that of adopting the McTague plan and putting it into operation.

Ceilings Can Be Held

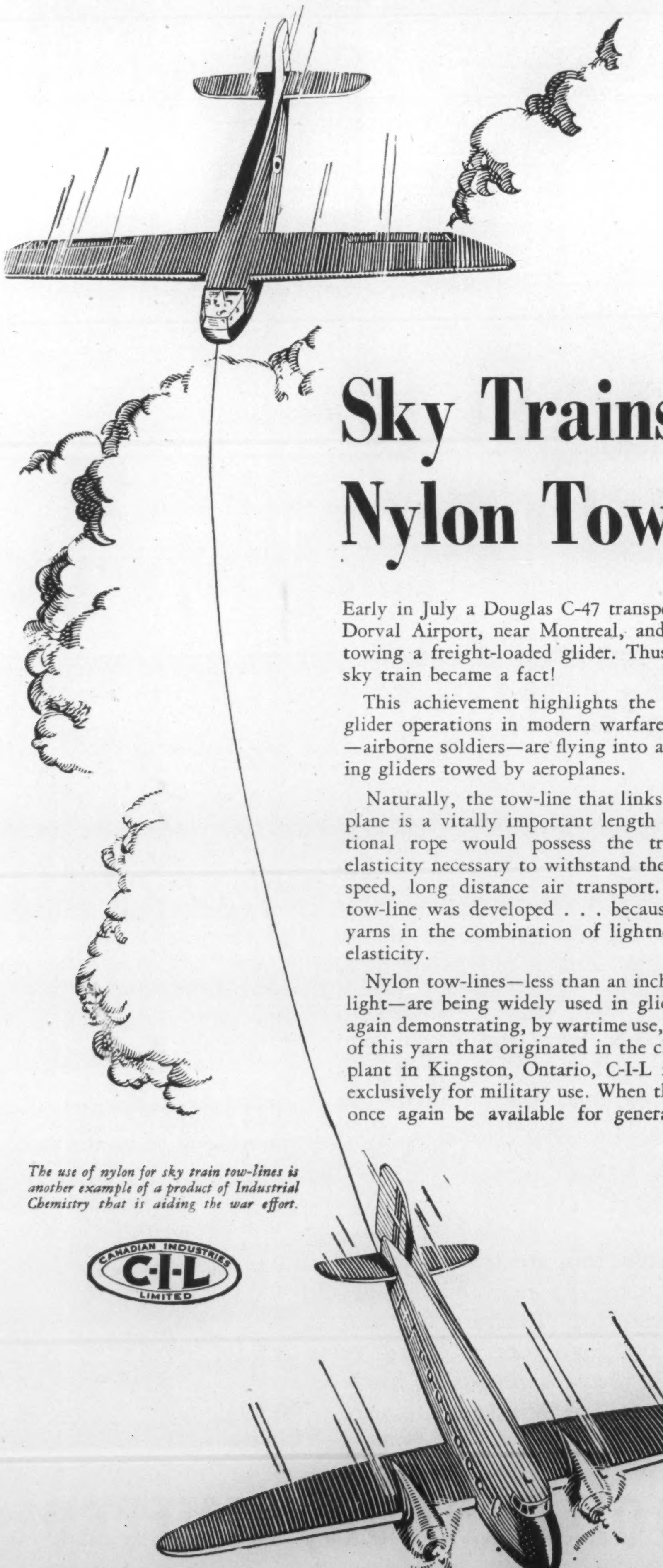
With a proper distribution of its ballast, price control should be able to ride out the disturbance which will be caused by the easing of wage ceilings. This, we think, is what will be attempted. It will have to sustain some battering. Prices will have to be allowed to move up in keeping with the advance in production costs. This does not mean throwing off the ceilings. They can be held at higher levels as securely as at present levels. The cost of subsidizing the cost of living index—which is the method of holding them now under consideration—will depend on how far the ceilings are raised.

Almost certainly the index will be allowed to move up with the pressure of the proposed increases in wages. If it is allowed to move far enough to absorb the increase in production costs it should be possible to hold it there by controls without additional subsidies until it becomes subjected to additional pressures. Such pressures, if they come, could then be met by subsidies. This would mean acceptance of the limited inflation involved in the McTague wage increases and no more. Inflation would continue to be fought on a new and consolidated line of defence.

Meantime the sleep of the price controllers is troubled and they are not eating well. They have had too many scares, even if these evolved partly out of their imagination and partly out of unsound speculations about what the government was going to do to their cherished controls—throw them overboard for political reasons regardless of the McTague report, abandon them to the full effect of the adoption of the report, or, latterly, get out from under the whole trouble by the family allowance escape exit.

Canadians are worried about fuel supplies this winter. They should consider the plight of Poland under Nazi rule. There is no fuel allocation for Poles and the people, like this woman, are combing the ruins of their bomb-blasted cities for firewood.

CHEMISTRY HELPS TO WIN THE WAR



Sky Trains use Nylon Tow-lines

Early in July a Douglas C-47 transport plane took off from Dorval Airport, near Montreal, and crossed the Atlantic—towing a freight-loaded glider. Thus the first trans-Atlantic sky train became a fact!

This achievement highlights the increasing importance of glider operations in modern warfare. Today, winged armies —airborne soldiers—are flying into action in big troop-carrying gliders towed by aeroplanes.

Naturally, the tow-line that links the glider and its towing plane is a vitally important length of rope. Only an exceptional rope would possess the tremendous strength and elasticity necessary to withstand the pull and strain of high speed, long distance air transport. That's why the nylon tow-line was developed . . . because nylon excels all other yarns in the combination of lightness, tensile strength and elasticity.

Nylon tow-lines—less than an inch thick and exceptionally light—are being widely used in glider operations . . . once again demonstrating, by wartime use, the outstanding qualities of this yarn that originated in the chemists' test tube. At its plant in Kingston, Ontario, C-I-L is now producing nylon exclusively for military use. When the war is won, nylon will once again be available for general consumer production.

The use of nylon for sky train tow-lines is another example of a product of Industrial Chemistry that is aiding the war effort.

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PA-265

War Mustn't Kill Planning

BY G. A. WOODHOUSE

There has been a great change in public sentiment since the days of the "phony war". Then, when there was no reason to expect a near peace there was free planning for the post-war world. Today, when the need for planning is great, there is a strong sentiment which believes that anything except absolute concentration on the war is treason.

It is a time for clear talking, particularly by Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, speaking in unison. The world is waiting for a more definite lead.

London.

THE prudence of Mr. Chamberlain caused him to instruct the General Staff to prepare for a war of three years. No one thought it could last that long, but that was in 1939. We have become toughened since then, and only now, when the war is in its fifth year, do we allow ourselves to think that it is in its final phase. There is a curious difference between our behavior in the days of the "phony" war and now, when the war is real enough.

Then, there was no reason at all to suppose that peace was around any imminent corner, but the air was full of plans for shaping the post-war world. The Government had a great plan for exports, and industrial commentators were at pains to show how the influence of this program and of the inflation of productive capacity to serve the army and navy and air force would endure to equip Britain the better for the trade struggle of the after-war.

Now, when it is not a luxury to think of post-war problems, but a prime necessity, we are reminded almost daily by some authoritative voice that a concentration on anything that subtracts from total war effort is treason, or thereabouts. So, of course it is.

But principles never did go about in airtight boxes, sealed off from the world and from each other. They must be realistic, and we must recognize their overlap. It is stupidity not to vouchsafe some of the force of our reason and of our planning to the problems of the peace; and stupidity is perhaps the major treason that we have to guard against.

Britons Want New Deal

The onset of war uncovered a startling bankruptcy of military intelligence among the democracies. The war will have been less worth fighting if the onset of peace discloses a similar bankruptcy of understanding of the needs of restoration in the factories and fields and exchequers and homes and chancelleries of the world.

In Britain at this time the greatest political force latent in the people is the hunger for a new deal. So it is with the whole belligerent world. But already, perceptibly and ominously, there is the weed of frustration spreading its poison in the political garden. It started, in Britain, with the inept handling of the Beveridge Report by the Government. The people had called for a war aim, and the Government gave it none. In lieu, the people seized on Sir William Beveridge's plan, and made that their war aim. The Government has the incredible political gaucherie to play around with the program as though it were not something almost sacred to the people, and in so doing it set in motion a trend towards cynicism and that worst of defeatisms, that regards the war as being fought to restore the conditions that produced the war.

The fundamental necessity to cleanse the political slate is plain enough. No less apparent is the need for a definition of what the Atlantic Charter really meant when it said those fine things so long ago.

The people took the Atlantic Charter seriously. They believed that it was the promise of an equality that previously they had only dared to dream on. They were not to know that behind the smiling face of a few words promising equal access to the riches of the earth for all nations there was a whole encyclopaedia of economic difficulties, of technical matters like fiscal policy and of the hard realities from which proceed such technicalities.

What We Can Do Now

They were not to know that the mere business of international financial relations, so small a part of the grand picture broadly painted on that memorable day in mid-Atlantic, could exercise for months the most expert talent of the financial advisers to Washington and London, and that the resultant plans would even then run rather contrary on some important issues.

They were not to know that the United States could make the Charter a worthless piece of scrap by pursuing an economic policy like the one indulged in after 1918; and had they known, how could they guess that no one has yet had any guarantee that the same liberal spirit that now infuses American public utterance will survive long into the post-war.

We can draft the Atlantic Charter in fuller form, and give it the authority that comes only from the practical implementation of its basic tenets.

We can do the same with the Beveridge Plan, implementing those parts of it to which the Government accorded its approval. Or, if we cannot go so far, for fear of a detraction from the war effort, we can do the next best thing.

We can talk. It does not do to underestimate talk. The Charter and Beveridge have so far been only talk. Defeatism is only talk. Confidence is the inspiration that comes from the right sort of talk. It depends on who talks, and when.

If Churchill and Roosevelt and Stalin would talk now, in unison, and say the right things, without this jejune fear of seeming to forget the war, we should avoid the post-war debility, and guarantee a continuance of the psychological strength of the people when we shall most need it.

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"You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice . . ."

SINCE long before your grandfather's day, the saying "You pays your money and you takes your choice" has been as Canadian as apple pie. It bespeaks our freedom.

Part of our heritage has been your right to decide for yourself what is best for you and what course you shall take, granting only that you do not infringe the rights of your fellows.

And why not? You know best what you want and need and can afford. And, barring wartime when you gladly accept necessary restrictions you righteously object when your privilege of self-decision is threatened.

Well, such an effort is now under way. It started some time ago, and is covered with various cloaks. Some of its advocates may be thinking of your welfare . . . others have an axe to grind.

This threat deals with the transportation of everything you eat, wear or use. The effort, if successful, would probably specify what must be hauled by Truck-Trailer, or train, or boat, or plane. Or that the various methods would be limited as to length of haul.

In short, all shipping would fit a "co-ordinated pattern" . . . eliminating the competitive element that has brought about virtually all advancements in our transportation system.

Maybe you think that's unimportant . . . that you don't care how your goods will be shipped . . . that it's something for your grocer, your druggist, your clothier to worry about.

But remember this: Shipping is a part of everything you buy, just as much as the leather in your shoes or the freshness of your milk.

You may prefer economy, at the possible sacrifice of speed and freshness . . . or speed of delivery may justify a higher cost . . . or care in handling may be paramount. Whatever your need, you know it better than anybody else. And you, or your dealer, should have the privilege of selection.

Here's a simple parallel: When you send a message, you can use third-class mail, first class, special delivery, airmail, telegraph or telephone. You weigh the value against the cost . . . and make your selection. And who is the best judge? Nobody but *you!*

Few commodities can be definitely "typed" as to hauling. Steel and coal are widely hauled by Truck-Trailer . . . with excellent reason. Machinery, livestock and other incongruous cargoes travel, in emergencies, by air.

The only real questions are: When and how does the consumer need the shipment? And: What costs will he pay? Obviously, only the consumer knows the answers.

It boils down to this: Our transport system exists solely for the benefit of the public. Transport methods will succeed to the degree that they serve you well. If they serve you poorly, you will pass them by and they will fail.

You pay your money—and you SHOULD get your choice!

"STEEL-ON-RAIL TALKING"

Leading Editorial from The Toronto Daily Star, June 3, 1943.

In its submission to the special committee of the House of Commons on reconstruction and re-establishment, the Canadian Pacific Railway has something to say on government control of transportation after the war. This:

"It must be evident that there should be more complete regulation of highway transportation than existed before the war. It is not suggested that there should be restriction on sound economic growth of this or any other enterprise, but that the nature and direction of this growth should be so controlled that its full development would be encouraged without uneconomic competition with other equally, in some cases even more, necessary enterprises. It is taken for granted that, after the war, highway transportation will regain a considerable volume of the traffic it has turned over to the railways as a result of war conditions. It is to be hoped, however, that public policies will be such that the division of this portion of the transportation field can be arranged to the best advantage of the nation by true economic competition, and not by uneconomic and consequently destructive competition."

In other words the C.P.R., and no doubt the C.N.R. as well, want the newer form of transportation restricted by government regulation after the war. Steel-on-rail seeks to handicap rubber-on-road. While the C.P.R. submission repudiates any intention to restrict "sound economic growth," it suggests at the same time that highway transportation should get back only "a considerable volume" of the traffic which war conditions forced it to surrender. In the natural course of events, highway transportation may expect not only to get back what it lost, but to continue the expansion which war scarcities interrupted.

The shipper and consumer have the right to the form of transportation which will serve them best, and if they prefer one which collects goods at the shipping point and lays them down at the consignee's door without transhipment, they are entitled to their preference. If passengers prefer to travel on rubber, that is their right. Artificial restrictions which cripple a newer form of transportation in order to favor an older form of transportation cannot be justified. No doubt the railways will make a fight on this point when the war is over, but this is one form of free competition which should not be subject to artificial manipulation.

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How Britain Won Fuel Fight

BY COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL, M.P.

With Canada, a cold-winter country in most of its area, threatened with an unprecedented fuel shortage this year, it is interesting what Britain did in an even more serious situation a year ago. The British campaign was under the management of the writer of this article.

Commander King-Hall is an Independent-National Member of the British House of Commons and has been visiting in Canada. He is the founder and proprietor of the National News-Letter which is published simultaneously in London, England, and by cable at 299 Queen Street West, Toronto.

THE Battle of Britain has passed into history and is being enveloped in the mist of legend. Less is known about another battle which made history in Britain's war effort; a battle in the domestic front; a battle in which the women of Britain were the shock troops. It was called The Battle for Fuel, and raged from August 20, 1942, to April 15, 1943. It achieved a notable victory and its story has yet to be told in full. I have been asked to tell SATURDAY NIGHT something of this struggle, and can claim to be in a position to do so with authority. I was the Commander-in-Chief.

On August 10 (or thereabouts) the Rt. Hon. Gwillym Lloyd George, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. Brendan Bracken, M.P., the respective Ministers of Fuel and Power and of Information, asked me at noon in the smoking room of the House of Commons whether I would take on the control of the government's Fuel Economy Campaign. The situation was serious, and when I asked when I was to start the answer was "Now". I agreed, and became Honorary Director of the National Fuel Economy Campaign.

The facts were as follows:

We were 11 million tons short in the coal budget for 1942-43. It was expected that X million tons would be produced and consumption was estimated to reach X plus 11 million tons. We had to save 11 million tons.

For many months the government had been contemplating a fuel rationing scheme of a compulsory character. All details had been worked out, but the administrative difficulties were shocking. The individual rationing of coal, gas, paraffin, and electricity seemed an insuperable task.

Voluntary Effort

The Cabinet eventually decided, not without misgivings, to try a voluntary effort. We aimed at saving 4 millions on the domestic front, 4 millions in industry, and to increase production by 3 million. In this article I shall tell you about the domestic campaign and how 12 million housewives saved the situation.

On August 20 I went to the microphone and spoke to the nation. I said that I was convinced that the public were fed up with appeals to do this and do that to help the war effort; that everyone wanted to help and only required to be told: What to do! How to do it! When to do it!

I told the people that I would answer these questions brutally and frankly and give them the truth with knobs on it. On the same day we took a full page in all the papers in the country at a cost of thousands of pounds, and in it put a complicated diagram called "The Fuel Target". This enabled each householder to work out in fuel units how much gas, coal and electricity he should save to average a 25% cut on his 1941-42 consumption.

Big homes had to make a 60% cut. Account was taken of the number of people in each household and of the geographical situation in the country of the home.

It was very complicated and very alarming; it was meant to be.

It was my business to make the British as fuel-saving minded as they are blackout minded. We nearly succeeded.

A furious controversy started over the Fuel Target and I was attacked violently in a section of the press. This was excellent publicity for the campaign. Everyone in Britian was talking fuel saving. The discussion raged in offices, homes, trains, clubs and pubs.

Through the local authorities we organized Battle for Fuel Exhibitions. We had 700 all over the country, including a huge travelling exhibition fitted up as a coal mine. You ought to ask the Ministry of Information to lend you this one. It's the best exhibition of its kind I have ever seen.

Five million people went through these exhibitions. The BBC was used extensively to give fuel-saving information to the public. The gas, electricity and coal associations were mobilized and all their show rooms became battalion headquarters for the Battle for Fuel. These powerful associations had built up elaborate machinery to persuade the public to use more coal, gas and electricity. At the call of public duty these machines were placed at my disposal in order to tell the public how *not* to use fuel. The children were organized through the schools as family fuel watchers to keep weekly records of fuel consumption. Gas and electricity meter-reading competitions were organized in every town. The fighting services were brought into the drive and competitions in fuel saving were organized between units. We appointed intelligence officers all over the Kingdom who collected notable cases of fuel saving. Nothing under a 50% cut was considered interesting. We made a weekly report of savings which we gave to the press. There were hundreds of wonderful stories, varying from the achievements of a great chain store to the story of three old ladies, all over 70, who saw that workmen were using a brazier whilst mending the road outside their house. They shut up their kitchen for ten days and went out in the street to cook their meals.

Saved 5 Million Tons

Hundreds of letters were received asking for help and advice. We sent out millions of leaflets containing hints on how to save fuel in every way. These were prepared by our technical staff. So interesting were the stories of fuel saving that the press gave us 2½ miles of quotations in four months—and don't forget our national dailies are now reduced to four pages. (It has to be real hard news to get into the British press now-a-days. Semi-news goes into the W.P.B.) Once a month I used to address the nation on the air; I gave them news as to the progress of the battle. If they relaxed they were told bluntly why and how they were failing. Each week we published in all the papers a Battle for Fuel War Communiqué. It was strictly factual and tough in character, exactly like a military communiqué.

We made a film a week about fuel saving and showed it in 4,000 cinemas. One would have had to be blind, deaf and dumb to escape the Battle for Fuel in Britain between 1942-43.

We laid down that no hot bath must be more than 5 inches deep; lines were painted in the baths. The Royal Palaces conformed strictly to these voluntary rules and Their Majesties had the 5 inch bath and allowed us to say so. At Windsor Castle all hot water was cut off certain parts and had to be carried to rooms in jugs.

The public response was magnificent. The women of Britain appreciated the fact that they were being treated as shock troops in a vital contribution to the war effort, and week by week I was able to report that the campaign was increasing in intensity. Fuel-saving became a fetish; an obsession.

On April 15, 1943, I was able to report that the first Battle for Fuel was won and was a resounding victory. We had been asked to save 4 million tons and we actually saved 5 million tons of coal.

The voluntary system had been vindicated and once again it had been proved that democracy works at its best when the people are told the truth and the responsibility for action is placed fairly and squarely where it belongs, on the shoulders of the citizen.

WORLD OF SPORT

Slim Pickings from Abroad

BY KIMBALL McILROY

Some weeks ago the Editor informed readers of "The World of Sport" that Mr. Kimball McIlroy, the department's serious-minded writer, would not be with us for awhile, a troopship having taken him overseas. But the Editor was wrong. Mr. McIlroy has now taken a few minutes off from his military duties to write and send us the accompanying important dispatch, and furthermore intimates that there may be more. The Editor reserves judgment.

THIS department is now firmly established in England, and much fine English ale is firmly established in this department. The results have not contributed greatly to the relief of t.d.'s well-known unquenchable thirst for sports news. The sum total of the sporting activities which we have witnessed thus far was a game of cricket being indulged in by a number of young men ranging in age from three to thirteen.

It was remarkably poor cricket, even for young men of that age, but this was not the most noteworthy point to impress t.d. What impressed us was the fact that we were visiting at the seaside where the game was taking place on a delightfully clear summer morning. Across the Channel was occupied France and, presumably, the Luftwaffe. If the young men considered the Luftwaffe, they gave no indication of it. We felt sorry for the Luftwaffe, the way we'd feel sorry for Bill Dickey if kids of three to thirteen started stealing bases on him, the way you feel sorry for any old champ whose legs are giving out.

TRYING to keep up with the sports news by reading the daily newspapers is something like trying to find a legitimate explanation for a politician's bank account. There is sports news, of course, but it is in a minute box on page three occupying about half the space devoted to information that a curate from Woking has found Algerian termites among his gladioli. The choice of language on the part of the sportswriters, too, is commendable but a little on the conservative side, making a good fight sound on description fully as exciting as a routine meeting of the Horsham town council.

Consequently it is rather exhilarating to discover that over here as well they occasionally have little differences of opinion, and that the opinions are ones which have a familiar ring to discerning Canadian ears. For example, at the moment a columnist on one of the daily papers is troubled by the fact that certain pro football (soccer) players in the services seem able to obtain leaves at the most opportune moments for appearing in the games of their old clubs. The columnist, and so presumably his readers, feels that this is not altogether a good thing on two counts: first that these leaves are likely to be resented by the non-football-playing majority in the services and second that these players are apt to place too great a strain on an already over-strained transportation system in travelling to and fro between camp and game.

In Canada, of course, these matters by a happy stroke of fortune work out more simply, in that it invariably happens that the player is stationed right where he's going to play, thus saving wear and tear on the railroads. But in both countries the explanations advanced are identical. Here the reply to the enquiring columnist is that it is simply coincidence that the players' leaves and the dates on the football schedule happen to fall on the same dates. If a soldier from Weovil is due for a leave on Friday night at eight o'clock and he catches the 8:05 for home, and when he gets there the next day lo and behold the Weovil Wolverines are out to field a team against their old rivals, who is to stop this man from putting on his short pants and playing? Who indeed? Certainly not the columnist. He was just asking. He's a member of a free press and he can ask any questions he wants to. His readers want to read something besides Jane.

Not that anyone with an ounce of perception would ever *read* Jane. One just looks at Jane, who is a great favorite with the sporting set, and presumably with most of the rest of the male population as well. The English take things very seriously, even their humor, and Jane has even been discussed in Parliament. She is a character in what might jocularly be termed a comic strip. It might also be called punningly a comic strip, because that is what Jane spends most of her time doing. No one reads the words and no one pays much attention to the plot. In fact we have yet to find anyone who could tell us if there *was* a plot. But most people look at Jane, some of them with disfavor. She has been called a danger to national morals, which if you like to take that point of view on morals she undoubtedly is. She looks very nice without her clothes on, though, which after all is the most important thing because she is usually in the process of either arriving at that happy state or vice versa.

Of course, the subject of Jane is hardly a sporting topic, except to the crude, but with sports news at the minimum mentioned above you've got to look at something, and the general opinion is that you could do much worse.

NOT that there isn't sport being played over here. There is. For example, they're playing football (still soccer to you). This we deduce not from the scores printed in the papers, because the papers haven't printed any scores that we've seen, but from the pool advertisements which occupy space roughly three times that devoted to sports news proper. These pools are apparently a means whereby a man is enabled to wager small quantities of money on the outcome of future events through merely putting Xs in little squares opposite the names of teams paired off to play during the coming week. Just wherein this escapes being a lottery is not immediately evident, but nobody seems to worry much about it. Nor do we, although we may dwell a little wistfully on the prospect of all that valuable space being donated to the results of the games and even a brief description, rather than to blank prognostication.

The Globe and Mail
CANADIANS IN SICILY
Allied Forces Invade at Dawn
As Ground Forces Made Landing on Shore of Sicily
CANADIAN MORALE AT PEAK
Dominion Troops Link With British On Cape Passero

"Within the hour"— through Kodak and Wirephoto you SEE the news happen

It's a "hot news" photograph.

It is wrapped around a cylinder, locked in a machine about the size of your cabinet radio. The flick of a switch, and the cylinder begins to turn.

The same switch starts similar cylinders, each with a wrapping of photographic film, in scores of other cities, where newspapers use the Wirephoto service.

Have you seen the cylinder record revolving under the needle in a modern dictating machine? That illustrates how the cylinder in the Wirephoto sending machine spins under its recording "needle"....

But the needle is a noiseless ray of light.

It lights a tiny path around the spinning cylinder. Over and over, 200 turns to an inch. And the reflection of this light from the picture is actuating a photoelectric cell which converts the reflected rays into electric impulses.

In each receiving machine, these electrical impulses control a neon light. Through a powerful lens, this light is focused to a pin-point path around the film. As the film is exposed to the light, it becomes a practically perfect negative of the positive picture in the sending machine.

"EXTRA! EXTRA!" If the event is big enough, and censorship permits, "within the hour" you see in your home-town paper the pictures which a news photographer snapped hundreds or thousands of miles away.

Associated Press Wirephoto, with Kodak's help, within a few short years has brought the electrical transmission of photographs from comparative crudity to its present near-perfection.

KODAK'S PART WAS...

to produce a photographic film with qualities unlike any other, which would "process" in a fraction of the usual time... and a lens of sufficient power to focus the faint gradations of "cold" neon light on a pinpoint of spinning film. with complete fidelity.

The job has been done so well that you can see little difference in quality between a picture snapped in Europe—and transmitted by wireless and wire—and a picture made in your city, and delivered to your newspaper on the original film.

Portable sending machines—the size of a suitcase—have recently been perfected. They can send out a photograph or map over any telephone or radio transmitter.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TOWARD FIGHTING THE WAR? News pictures for us at home, of course, with all the importance to public morale of getting the news while it's "new" . . .

Plus the vital new "time" factor in strategy —the ability of those in our Command, with today's battle scenes and maps before their eyes, to direct now the next movements of troops and ships and planes.

The details are confidential, but you can be sure that our Navy, Army and Air Force are using this "weapon against time" to the limit. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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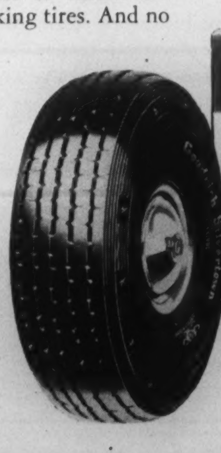

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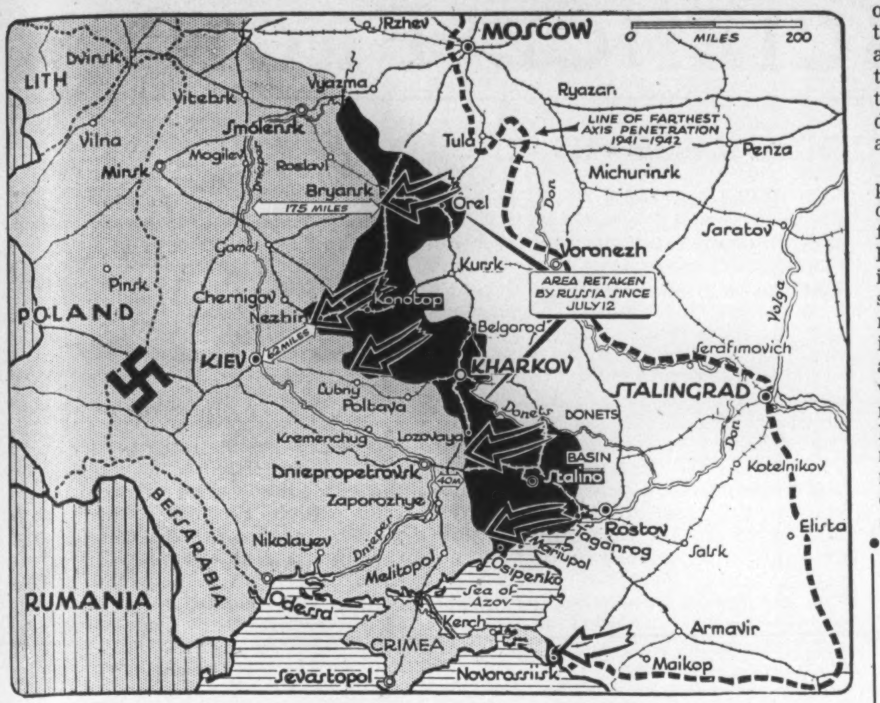

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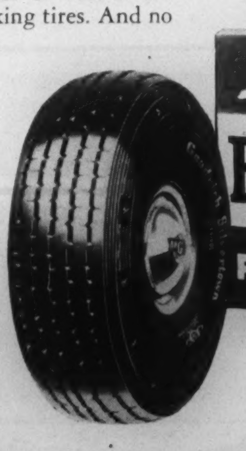

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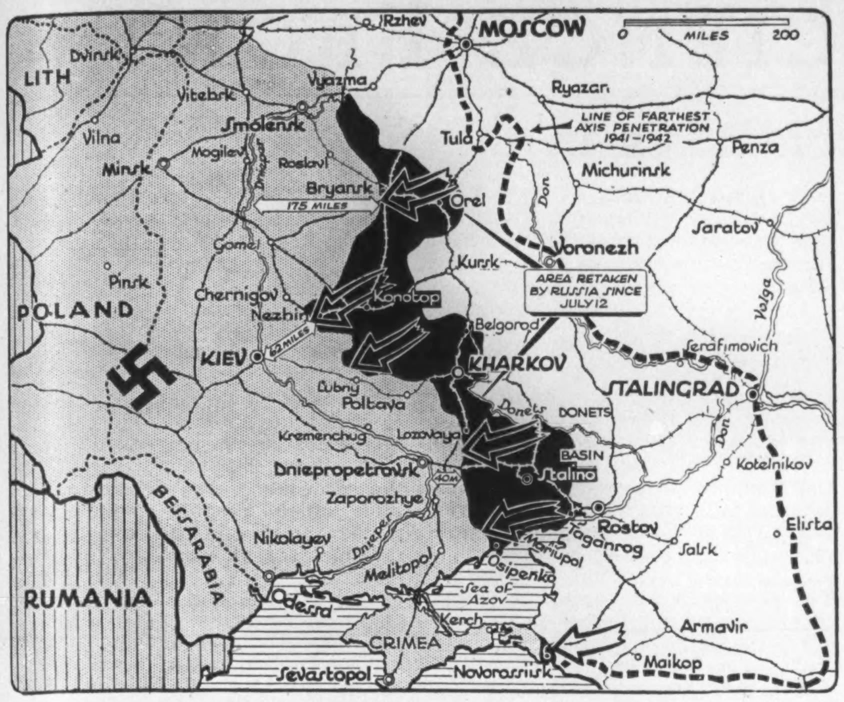

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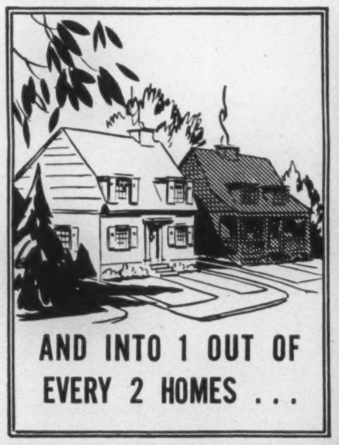
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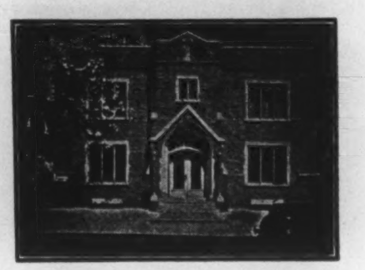

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Locomotives in the Sky

BY DYSON CARTER

AIRMEN look with disdain upon the lumbering but useful giants of the rails. But how many fliers know that in secret drafting rooms today the railway engine is sprouting wings? From secret fields these wings are taking off and soaring beyond the clouds. The locomotive is changing its tune. Its hoarse coughing blasts are being transformed into an immense note of silken smoothness. It is today's proud airplane engines that are to become obsolete, to vanish eventually in favor of the new railway power plant!

First of all we should see what has been happening lately in the old roundhouse.

Not so many years ago the steam locomotive, fired with coal or oil, was still supreme. The diesel engine was struggling for recognition. Now the picture is turned upside down, with three out of four new engines on this continent being powered by diesels. In the diesel locomotive oil is the fuel; it burns explosively in many cylinders; the multi-cylinder engine turns huge electric generators; the generators send power to electric motors, one in each driving wheel.

How can the complex diesel-electric—it costs more than twice as much as a steam loco to build and maintain—compete with the latest streamlined steamers? Add it up yourself. The diesel has three times the efficiency (power output per ton of fuel), runs faster, covers 50% more mileage in a year, has greater starting pull, uses its own full power instead of air pressure and friction to apply the brakes, and lays no smoke screen over the countryside. The steamer had the united prejudice of millions of railroaders on its side; but it is being pushed off the rails by the diesel electric.

Now there is a new rival. The Gas Turbine Locomotive. Two thousand horsepower models are in operation. Much bigger monsters are building. They burn oil, but coal-burners of this type will soon be ready. Nearly two years ago the gas turbine locomotive was first described in this column, and since then many readers have asked for more information. Here are some operational facts:

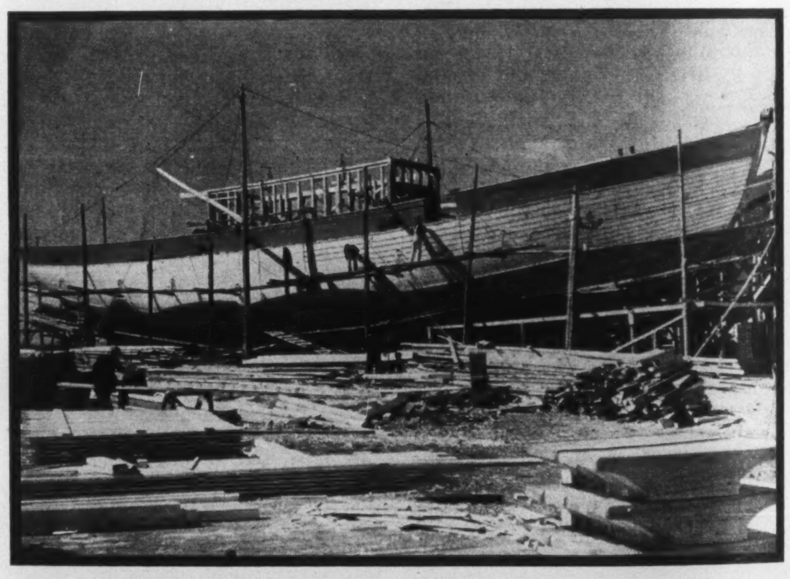
The gas turbine loco costs less than a diesel electric. So far it has less efficiency, but it delivers equal yearly mileage, has very low track wear (due to smooth power flow), low lubrication and maintenance cost, full power braking, large starting pull and long life.

All this is achieved because the gas turbine has no reciprocating parts. Its operation is unique. In it the fuel oil (cheaper than diesel oil) is vaporized, mixed with air raised to very high pressure by a rotary compressor, exploded in a single combustion chamber that feeds directly into a turbine revolving at high speed. The turbine, driven by the exploding gases, drives a generator which supplies electricity to motors in the driving wheels. The turbine runs at very high temperature. But there is no boiler and no water. The locomotive can reach full operating efficiency about five minutes after the engineer "turns it on", and within a few seconds of turning off the engine is cool.

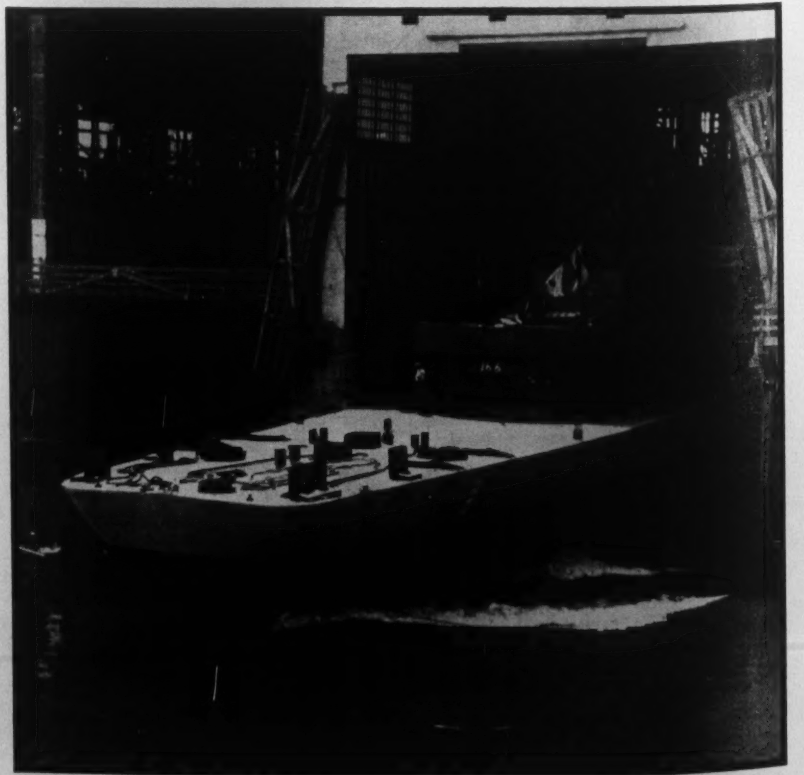
To Raise Efficiency

Of course such a power source is of great interest to the Navy. We can't discuss advances in that direction. But there are some engineering features of the gas turbine we can look over—features of profound significance to railroading in Northern countries, and of extraordinary importance to aviation everywhere.

Overshadowing all other problems of design in a gas turbine is the fact that about 80% of the power de-



Stout wooden minesweepers for the Royal Navy are being built in Canada by scores of small shipyards along the Atlantic Coast. This one is nearing completion on the shores of the Bay of Fundy in New Brunswick.



Evidence of the enormous expansion in Canada's shipbuilding facilities was the special Canadian launching day observed recently in shipyards across the Dominion when twelve ships slipped down the ways. Typical of the ships produced for the Royal Canadian Navy for North Atlantic duty is this frigate, launched by Canadian Vickers Limited, September 10.

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These English W.J.A.C. girls who have a large band of their own, get a few tips on bugle from a Sea Cadet.

veloped by the turbine is lost, used up in the air compressor. Vast quantities of compressed air have to be mixed with the fuel oil, in excess of that required for combustion, in order to cool the exploding gases down to a reasonable temperature before they pass into the turbine. This is a matter of practical design. Gas turbines are working now at temperatures above 1000 degrees. Finding alloys to resist still greater heat will not be easy. Until then the gases must be cooled.

How vital temperature is can be seen from starkly simple facts. If the power lost in the compressor is reduced only 5%, the efficiency of the whole engine rises 20%. Or again: if turbine blades can be made of metal with very low "creep", so that the machine can stand an inlet temperature of 200 degrees above the present 1000 degree limit, then the engine efficiency would go up 28%. In other words here is a power source the efficiency of which rises sharply as the operating temperature rises. If turbine blades could stand 1800 degrees exceptional power and economy would result. Indeed, such heat the experimenters are now probing, with the aid of new metals and methods of cooling.

Ideal for Canada

This is half the picture, commonplace to designers. Let us turn the blueprint over. Contradictory though it seems, gas turbines work best with highest possible internal temperature *and* coldest possible outside atmosphere. The air compressor uses up less of the turbine's power if the air it draws in is cold. This is strikingly verified by gas turbine locomotives. On a summer day an engine will deliver its official rated 2000 horsepower. Climbing mountains to the freezing zone, its pulling power jumps to 2600 HP. In high passes where the temperature drops to zero the locomotive can deliver 3400 HP, an extra 1400 HP over rated output!

What this means to winter operation in Canada and the Northern States is clear enough. Some of the extra "cold weather power" would be used to heat passenger trains electrically. But what locomotive engineer wouldn't welcome an extra thousand horsepower on the drawbar, literally blown into his engine by the kind of blizzard that makes strenuous demands on the steamer of today?

A couple more features, before we see why the gas turbine locomotive is looking to the skyways. The Allis-Chalmers firm in America, licensed by Brown Boveri of Switzerland (builders of the original turbine loco) is building a colossal 5000 HP gas turbine locomotive in which the whole electric drive, with its bulky, heavy generator and motors, is eliminated. The turbine will deliver its power to the driving wheels through a mechanical-hydraulic transmission, by far the biggest ever designed. This will drastically simplify and cheapen the new type engine. And this development is matched by another turbine that burns powdered coal instead of fuel oil. Altogether it looks as if the diesel locomotive's swiftly-won victory over steam will very soon be lost to the turbine that whirls its rotary power. from a searing flame.

Even so, such a triumph would be dwarfed by a scheme now in the hands of men who vision flying locomotives. Gas turbine engines on the rails might expect to develop super power in sub-zero weather. But this power would not always be on tap, never during summer months. And yet there is a region of permanent Arctic frigidity. There is a place of cold all year long, over the whole earth from Dawson Creek to Cuba and down past Cape Horn. That place is Up. The stratosphere.

For several years the experts who call their specialty "Thermodynamics" have been working out the equations governing power in the sky. They have reached ever higher. At first their calculations showed that a gas turbine running on the ground with an efficiency of 18% would become 27% efficient if it could soar to the 35,000 foot level, where the temperature is around 75 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. A 45% rise in efficiency!

The Best Air Engine

Of course years ago aircrews were taking their craft to 35,000 and beyond. But certainly not with standard gasoline engines. At 40,000 feet the stratosphere is so thin that huge superchargers must go with the motors to pump air into their carburetor lungs. Without these pumps the finest motor would scarcely be able to turn itself over, let alone drive the propeller.

This fundamental problem is overcome in the gas turbine simply because its supercharger is not just an accessory—the engine is more than half supercharger to begin with. The compressor is the turbine's heart, and the higher it flies the better the heart performs.

Today we have war planes with conventional gasoline engines that operate on high octane doped fuel to deliver more than 2400 horsepower. It has taken years of concentrated engineering and chemical effort to reach this output. The rocket motor is being used by the Germans in combat, as an auxiliary power plant. But designers are clamoring for dependable 10,000 HP units. To satisfy this need how can we possibly increase the output of gasoline engines, with their already excessive cost, complexity, and maintenance?

Only the gas turbine delivers superpower at stratosphere heights. This engine, now in the air over secret fields, is the culmination of the fondest hopes of scientific inventors. All its parts turn on a single shaft. It has no pistons, valves, cams or con rods. It is the long-dreamed "rotary engine". It is the Flying Locomotive of airlines that will span the earth above the clouds, above the weather.

U.K. SCHOOLS "COME BACK" AS CANADIAN PRODUCT AIDS REBUILDING

Thirty children, all under seven, and four teachers were killed as they ate their lunch when a Nazi bomb struck their school in a daylight air-raid on London. Shown is the main class room above a section of the dining hall in which the children were assembled.

CANADIAN-MADE MASONITE PRESDWOODS ACTIVE ON JOB OF RECONSTRUCTION

Ruthless air-raiders took a heavy toll of Britain's schools in the dark days of this war. Yet, come mighty blitz or nuisance raid, education was one of the United Kingdom's services that *must* carry on. And carry on it did, fitting the children of today for the man's sized job of tomorrow.

A Great Task

Britain faced a mighty task—not alone in the rebuilding of countless schools. One house in every five has been damaged or destroyed. Almost 500 hospitals felt the impact of bombs. Churches too were blasted as the Nazi blazed his trail of destruction, thundering overhead from John o' Groats to Land's End.

The Challenge Met

Into this maze of ruin, Britain's home services flung every effort. The challenge was met—and thrown back. As devastation struck, the forces of reconstruction went to work. Vital services were revived at unbelievable speed, repaired buildings sprang up from wreckage, temporary structures were rushed to completion. But the great job still remains: the thorough rehabilitation of the razed districts; meeting the urgent demand for such simple household furniture as tables, chairs and cupboards.

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In this broad reconstruction need, ranging all the way from beds to barracks, Canadian-made Masonite has proved invaluable. Strong, durable, easy to handle—versatile and adapted quickly, whatever the use—Masonite has met over 500 wartime requirements in bombed Britain. There is practically no end to the uses of Masonite, no part of the Empire where it is not serving. In air-raid shelters, hospital trains and mobile units, in buildings and furniture, Masonite daily lives up to its title, "The Wood of a Thousand Uses."

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Opinion Moulds Our Future

BY CLARISSA DUFF

Never has the right to an opinion been a higher trust. It is the individual's duty to think upon the problems of the day and give matters due consideration in exercising this trust. In Canada where we have long enjoyed freedom in controlling our affairs we have been inclined to abuse the privilege.

YOU and I seldom envision ourselves as guardians of free speech and free opinion in the Dominion of Canada. Yet this is what we in conjunction with our fellow Canadians actually are. This heritage entrusted to us by those who have gone before is now, for better or for worse, in our keeping.

We Canadians have the right to think as we please and, within reasonable limits, to say what we like. We take this right for granted; but a profound truth in connection with it escapes our attention.

This truth is that the right to express an opinion should be coupled with a sense of personal responsibility for the opinion expressed. That those who enjoy the privilege of liberty of thought and speech should be fully conscious that this privilege brings with it a definite obligation.

There is a tendency among plain people such as we are to assume that the ideas we voice don't matter much because, as we are without influence except in our immediate circle, what we say does not percolate through to the community at large. This is a mistake; it is the run-of-the-mill citizens, not the small select groups, who set the standard of public opinion and determine its quality; who on occasion apply pressure in the expression of their united will. As we go about our everyday affairs; on the way to and from work; in the lunch hour; during our leisure time we scatter comment and pass judgment; and thus make a contribution to the popular attitude on questions of public concern.

Even under war conditions we retain the liberty of expression that is normally ours. This is as it should be; but it throws a weight of responsibility squarely on the shoulders of each one of us—a fact which many are slow to recognize. Political leaders and prominent citizens can exhort and admonish us; experts in the art of mass persuasion can strive to "condition" our public mind along approved lines; but despite the influences brought to bear from various sources the fact is that unless we offer our willing and intelligent cooperation there is no effective method by which those in authority can cope with the undisciplined and irresponsible thought habits of the Canadian people.

Believe What We Want

This does not argue that we should all see eye to eye on political, economic or social questions. It merely points out the impossibility of helping to raise the quality of opinion in general unless we cultivate a sense of responsibility for our own in particular. Let us get it thoroughly into our heads that it is the many mickles of individual opinion which when added together crystallize into the muckle of collective opinion.

It is true that at present we are hampered in forming considered and impartial judgments on issues that are both grave and momentous because for reasons of security—as we are weary of hearing—information cannot be released as long as it is of value to the enemy. Under these conditions all we can do is to take the situation with what patience we can muster.

Nonetheless the lack of information that is definite and authentic is no excuse for accepting synthetic substitutes for the real article. We are too prone to believe what we want to believe. To convince ourselves, for example, that the war is almost won; despite repeated warnings from those who are in a position to know that there is no assurance of quick or easy victory. It is the height of folly to allow ourselves to slacken in the war effort because the trend of popular opinion is in the direction of unfounded optimism. Common sense dictates that, instead of slowing down, we on the home front should deal even heavier blows at an Axis which faces defeat but which is not yet vanquished.

Nor should we, as guardians of freedom of speech and opinion, overlook pressing problems that we shall have to meet right here in Canada—problems that deal with the conduct of our own public affairs. Are we willing in the future to remain within the framework of the present political and economic structure or do we look on it as outmoded? If so with what system do we wish to replace it? What are our ideas as to the merits or otherwise of the plans and policies of the Liberals or the Progressive Conservatives or of those of the C.C.F.?

The Opinion Polls

We are the arbiters of our own destiny, and we decide the form of government under which we choose to live. The statement that a country has the kind of government it deserves is something more than a well-worn platitude. It is a truth that bears pondering over in preparation for the next Federal election.

No discussion of opinion would be complete without a mention of the popular poll—a manifestation of the democratic way of life that no doubt will mystify historians of the future as they delve into twentieth century manners and customs. Although the reports of these surveys are accepted as a fairly reliable estimate of the momentary trend of the national mind there is in reality no feasible means to measure the quality of the opinion gathered from the cross section of the public which furnishes the answers.

In theory a balance is maintained between the informed and the uninformed; between those who weigh the question conscientiously and those who toss off the first answer that occurs to them. But actually quantity has a decided edge on quality for the simple reason that there is more of it.

It is not necessary to be approached personally by a representative of the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion or to receive a questionnaire from any other source in order to become responsible in some measure for the percentages which appear in the newspapers as a report on public reaction to a point of current interest. Our ideas are almost certain to find their way at second hand into these surveys. That is why we should take popular polls seriously and try to see that they reflect all that is best in Canadian opinion.

In the months that lie ahead we shall find ourselves faced by issues of supreme importance. Let us study them carefully from every aspect and having done so settle them on grounds which to us seem good and sufficient. Only when we awake to a full awareness of the vital need for a public opinion that is stable, responsible and intelligent can we call ourselves efficient guardians of our Canadian heritage of free thought and free speech.

TARGET FOR TODAY

TODAY, Victory is our first and only target. The things of tomorrow—the new shape of Freedom—the new pattern of Security—the new projects for a better world—these will follow when Victory comes.

The duty of every Canadian is clear. In this struggle, every gun counts, and every dollar that helps to buy a gun counts, too.

Victory depends on how earnestly each one of us carries out the urgent undertakings set forth in this resolution:

I Resolve... that I will work and save and lend to the limit of my capacity to support the defenders of my freedom on the fighting fronts of the world.

I Resolve... that I will forego luxuries and comforts now to make sure of future security for myself, my loved ones, and my fellow countrymen.

I Resolve... that I will subscribe for Victory Bonds when they are offered, and will hold on to them until the war is over.

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L-443X

A Post-War House Will Be a House for Living

BY D. D. CALVIN

It is recognized that the post-war will see a tremendous growth of new housing, and that the typical house will in many ways be revolutionary. Just how revolutionary has been the subject of some conjecture. The writer sets forth some of the requirements for a "good" modern house, and proposes that we should rid ourselves of all the excrescences which are merely hangovers from a time when the conditions, and the requirements were utterly different. Above all, he says, the new house will be made to be lived in rather than for show.

Mr. Calvin, architect, essayist, historian and reformer, is well known to our readers. Member of an old Kingston family, he now lives in Toronto.

NEARLY everyone, at or above a certain economic level, dreams of the day when he will build his own house. How many of those for whom this dream comes true are satisfied with the result? Very few, probably. Conditions change in some unforeseeable way, and the house cannot adjust itself, or be altered, to meet the new conditions. Or the change may be in the owner—new ideas, or more developed taste, may make him dissatisfied. What, then, are some of the fundamentals of a satisfying house, today, in the middle of the twentieth century—a medium-sized house in town or city, let us say, which will content not only its first owners, but also their successors?

To clear the way, let it be said that we will leave aside the mass of commercial housing, which is still (with certain notable exceptions in the way of planned groups) little more than shelter from the weather and a place to eat and sleep. Such dwellings make no pretence of considering the individual occupant, who must take them or leave them. We are concerned with the house which is built by or for the man who is to live in it.

The Old-Time House

What was such a house like, fifty or sixty years ago—a time when an earlier, simpler tradition had been lost? It was seldom less than three storeys (sometimes it had four), with large high-ceilinged rooms. No attempt was made to orient the house to the light of the sun—its main rooms simply fronted the street. The woodwork—doors, trim, window-sills, base-board—was heavy, and usually dark-colored. The chief rooms had moulded plaster cornices and an ornamental plaster centrepiece on their ceilings. If the heating had advanced beyond wood or hard-coal stoves, it was done by a hot-air furnace which was unable to send any warmth to "the windy side" of the building it pretended to heat. The kitchen equipment was a coal-range and a sink. The house would have one bathroom, whose fixtures were of nickel-plated sheet metal enclosed with wood sheeting.

So much for the essentials of its fabric. What of the furnishings? The floors were completely covered with carpets, usually of large pattern, and different for each room. All the walls were papered. The cold fireplaces were filled with folded paper fans, or some other symbol of the advance to central heating. On their mantelpieces stood as many vases, photographs and bits of bric-a-brac as the shelves would hold—all reflected in the bevelled plate glass mirror behind them. At every window were lace curtains, backed by heavier ones—all of them descending to the floor. From the ceiling of the "parlor" hung a lighting fixture with scores of glittering glass "drops."

Why continue this theme? It has been done too often. What is usually forgotten, in recalling these houses of another day, is that they did have one very real virtue—space. Their rooms were, as a rule, big enough to give a sense of space no matter how much gear was crowded into them. But they were not houses which actively expressed a way of life—rather they were the outward symbols of the social position which their owners held in the community:

Why It Is Obsolete

Now the disappearance of this kind of house from one-family use has not been caused only by the rapid growth of North American towns and cities. They have not been merely left behind, to be used for commercial purposes in what have become business districts, or to become rooming-houses and professional offices further up-town. No. They may also be seen standing derelict in smaller communities, where such changes have not occurred.

Three things have contributed to this. First, and rather obviously, there was the labor, the devastating grinding toil, that went to their functioning and upkeep. "They weary stairs", the endless cleaning and dusting, caused a revolt among servants and among the daughters of the house. Second, there was the advance in all kinds of technical devices, from more efficient ways of cooking, heating and washing down to the smallest electrical gadgets. Third, there has been a renascence of taste which is shown in a hundred simplifications—many of them, probably, have their original in the direct lines and smooth surfaces of familiar labor-saving devices.

These changes have had a very definite effect upon cost, which is the final limiting factor in nearly all building. The revolt against needless household drudgery led to smaller houses with lower ceilings and less ample rooms. Technical devices, however, tended to offset the saving in size, and to keep up the cost. Not only have structural costs advanced, but, other things being equal, a house with a full equipment of modern electrical and other gear will cost twenty to twenty-five per cent more per cubic foot than a house which lacks it. This fact lies behind the increased numbers of duplex-houses and blocks of apartments, which lessen the cost per person of such contrivances. These competitors of the one-family house were unknown in the towns and smaller cities of two generations ago.

The Post-War House

We come back, then, to our first question. What, in view of these changes, are some of the general principles which underlie the design of a satisfactory medium-sized house? To begin with, it must have more ground about it than the smaller house of recent years has had. That may seem impossible, in view of the exploitation of real estate which our system tolerates, but it is essential, nevertheless. Without it, the house cannot be planned to take full advantage of sunlight and fresh air.

Next, there is the economy of material which is now possible; modern science allows the use of smaller masses of masonry and wood. The old house was like the heavy shell of a crustacean; the modern house should be more like a vertebrate, an organism expressing a purpose—like the body of a trained athlete. It should have a minimum of ornament. As Lewis Mumford has said, we do not glue feathers to the wings of an aeroplane because we associate birds with the idea of flight—why, then, need a house have any meaningless ornament borrowed from an earlier architecture? Formerly, rooms were planned for size, for effect; they should rather be planned to suit human needs. The medium-sized house, in our modern economy, can have in its essentials, all the basic standard quality of the great house. We do not, today, use one quality for the rich and another for the poor, whether of steel, or of electric lamps, or of telephones or of planted materials. Insulation is important, and not only directly, that is, in the walls and roof. The open site also contributes to insulation, both by allowing circulation and because grass, shrubs and trees do not absorb heat and give it off again as do pavements and masonry.

The modern smaller house must not be the old-time house on a smaller scale. It should have one large room, large enough perhaps to be thought disproportionate to the house, at first glance; this room should have adequate windows whose size and position are not governed by appearance from outside, but by the needs of the room as a place for people to live in. The social conception comes first, the aesthetic must follow it.

A well-planned house should foster an easy communal life within its walls. Just as the restaurant, which must pay overhead and profit, cannot compete with the housewife and her family in providing good meals, so the house should be a place of recreation able to compete successfully with commercialized amusements. To this end, rooms may be planned for two uses. For example, a boy's bedroom may, by the judicious use of built-in fittings, be also a place clearable for games or hobbies; or a utility room, normally free of all furniture except a work-table and a chair or two, would be available as an emergency bedroom if a built-in-wall-bed were part of its equipment. Dining room and bedrooms will have better lines and quieter walls if sideboard, dressing-table and storage spaces are built-in and concealed. The general idea is open-ness, clear walls and unencumbered floors.

Not for Show

What of the finish of such a house? The floors in the main rooms may be the traditional hardwood; everywhere they should have a finish which is easily cleaned, and all corners between wall and floor should be rounded. The base-board might be omitted. Rugs are really needed only in the living room and the bedrooms; doors should be flat, not panelled, and set in a flat round-cornered trim; all wall surfaces should have a dense, close-textured, washable surface with a "flat" finish to give back light without glare.

All this may sound like the modern hospital ward, but hygienics are not the last word. Good proportions, fitness to purpose, color and form are also necessary to the development of the kind of house which has been described in outline. Personality and good taste will dictate the choice of pictures and furniture to go with it. Such a house, by its very simplicity, is a background for the people who live in it. In other words, a house should be for living people, and not, as it once was, "for show". It should contain nothing which has not been proved useful, or which is not considered beautiful, in the opinion of those who live in it. And such a house should be hospitable—in itself, that is to say;—it should be able, by its own qualities, to welcome its guests and make them instantly at home.

Finally, it is necessary that such a house shall be, within certain limits, a general type. It will not do to build it here or there among other houses, where it would be what the biologist calls a "sport"—a mere variation from the normal. Such a house will be successful only when it and many others like it are combined into a new form of planned region, wholly unlike the "residential sections" of a time which is already passing away.

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THE LONDON LETTER

Civil Servants Show Democracy at Work

BY P. O'D.

DEMOCRACY may or may not be the ideal system of government. Even its most ardent advocates must at times feel considerable doubt as to its universal applicability. But there is certainly something very reassuring about the way it works in this country, and the spirit of tolerance, good sense, and political judgment that marks its activities. There has recently been an interesting instance.

Ever since it was first passed, just after the General Strike, the Trades Dispute Act has been a standing grievance with organized labor. But it has been a steadily diminishing grievance, for one by one its provisions have been softened or repealed. Of those that remain almost the chief is the one forbidding Civil Servants to join the Trades Union Congress.

The purpose of this ruling is obvious. It is to prevent the servants of the Crown from being called out in sympathetic strikes or from being used to bring pressure against the Government. Civil Servants, on the other hand, claim that such precautions are unnecessary, that they are not seeking political affiliations, that the effect of the ruling is to cut them off from the main stream of the Labor movement in this country, and that it is injurious in its effect and vindictive in its origin. They have, in consequence, been trying for many years to have it repealed.

The other day the National Union of Post Office Workers decided to take the matter into their own hands, and apply at once for affiliation. Furthermore, the Trade Union Congress let it be understood that they were prepared to consider the application favorably.

Everything seemed to be set for a very unpleasant flare-up. But the Government issued a statement, pointing out what was involved in the use of such unconstitutional methods. Promptly the Postal Workers withdrew their application, not because they considered their case weak, but because they did not wish "to give even the appearance of desiring to undermine the unity of the nation".

That is how democracy should work—and does in England.

Single Summer Time

Here we are back at Single Summer Time—and for most of us the "black-out". During a few weeks we had a pleasant release from the irksome routine of drawing curtains and putting screens in windows, and then going out around the house, the more conscientious among us, to see if a chink of light might be anywhere visible. Now we are back again to one of the minor but very boring duties of war-time.

Still, nearly everything has its compensations. People won't have to wait up until midnight or thereabout to put the children or the chickens to bed. Neither will the courting couples in the parks have to wait, though it cannot be said that many of them seem to worry very much about the envious or the disapproving eye that may be watching them.

Efforts have been made to get some relaxation in the strictness of the black-out regulations, but so far without much effect. Some concessions have been made to travellers. Trains, 'buses, and trams will be a little brighter. It is also possible that the streets will be a shade or two less perilous. But the rules for houses are as strict as ever. The only hope is that the prowling constable or ARP warden will not take quite so stern a view of his responsibilities. But it wouldn't be very safe to gamble on that.

Last winter a friend of mine was called out of bed on a wet and windy night by an official observer, who drew his attention to the thin line of light just showing over the top of a black-out curtain. The only way you could see it was by standing directly under the window.

"I am so sorry", said my poor friend, shivering in the wet, "but I didn't realize that the black-out was intended as a protection against attack by submarine".

His little joke cost him ten shillings and costs. But perhaps now the magistrates and the police will pipe down a bit. Dash it all, are we winning—or are we?

Four Colors for Clothes

In case anyone should get the idea that this is a very sober-hued war, and that the streets of London are peopled by a dingy throng, relieved only by patches of khaki and Air-Force blue, let me give you a list of the new colors authorized by the British Color Council for autumn and winter wear. Also let me call your attention to the fact that we have a Color Council—the idea being that there should be some authority to see that color changes are very gradual, and that one of the chief reasons for throwing clothes into the bottom-drawer and getting a new outfit is thus eliminated. I should say that all the chief officials of the Board of Trade are married men. They have acquired a lot of the sort of knowledge that you don't get by hearsay.

Now for the colors — tan, blue-green, cedar-green, and ruby. Nothing very grim about that, is there? What could be nicer on a brisk autumn day than something neat and well-tailored in tan or blue-green? How better could one face the blasts of winter than warmly wrapped in cedar-green or ruby—especially ruby? There is a glow about the mere thought of it.

The only flaw in this chromatic scale, from the feminine point of view—and it is likely to seem a basic one—is that these otherwise alluring tints are the same as the colors allowed for spring and summer, only somewhat darker in tone. Which once again shows the wisdom of the sly boys at the B. of T. Not much temptation to use up your coupons on a new coat or frock if it is merely a case of going from a pale cedar-green to a dark cedar-green. And there may be no other place in the scale where your special color-scheme of hair and eyes and complexion fits in.

By way of making things up a little, the officials give the dear girls the choice of six colors in stockings—Carib, Vogue, Mistbeige, Newmarket, Black, and Gunmetal. Heaven only knows what these names represent, but to a mere man they have a distinctly cheerful sound, all except the last two. But I doubt somehow if the ladies will be so vastly cheered by the list. Once there used to be hundreds of shades. Now there are only six. It seems a sad restriction, but, after all, it might be a lot worse. Think what the legs of German women must look like by now! But then, of course, think what they always looked like!

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

War Predictions by the Commentators

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

THERE have been a number of interesting predictions made recently on NBC news broadcasts: Richard W. Clark, managing editor, New York Daily News, on "The Editors Speak": "If the Allies feed and rehabilitate Italy with success, there will be a rush of small satellite nations seeking to be conquered by the United Nations."

Alex Dreier, NBC commentator on "Skelly News, program": "The rapidity of the drives on land and the rising tempo of aerial blasts can only serve to emphasize to the common man of the enemy states the need for him to recondition himself, to perceive the insanity of those who preach in the name of aggression."

James R. Young on "World News Parade": "I am willing to be a typewriter strategist in making the flat prediction that the act of sweeping the enemy from the Mediterranean will free British and French fleets for offensives against Japan. The attacks probably will be directed first against Rangoon, Singapore, and the Dutch East Indies."

W. W. Chaplin in "NBC commentary:" "Allied landings in Italy are just the feint before the haymaker. It seems quite likely that this present operation is to a large extent diversionary and we'll get a surprise announcement in the coming hours of a brand new and far more important invasion elsewhere."

John Vandercook on "News of the World:" "Three axis evacuations in a row—Sicily, Kiska and Kharkov—foreshadow an overall change in axis strategy. And it now appears that our enemies both in Europe and Asia have altered their whole war plan."

Upton Close on "World News Parade": "Too many bombs are falling on Italy and Germany for those countries long to survive. Hitler virtually is a forgotten man and Goering and Himmler are quarreling as to who will be the next fuehrer."

Robert St. John on "News of the World": "A diplomat in a position to know informs me that most of the current stories about Axis difficulties in the Balkans have been planted by German propagandists as part of a campaign to trap the Allies into invading the Balkans."

IN A recent analysis in this space of the general managership of the CBC there was one name omitted, that of John Grierson, general manager of the Wartime Information Board and head of the National Film Board. Our informants in Ottawa say quite openly that Grierson 'was willin'. It would probably have meant his withdrawal from the WIB and the Film Board, for it isn't likely that the Prime Minister would delegate so much authority in any one man.

Whether Grierson stands a chance of the appointment remains to be seen. That he has outstanding ability is not disputed. His enterprise is also recognized. But they point out in Ottawa that the Wartime Information Board has done very little with broadcasting, and Grierson's knowledge of this field is as yet unknown.

WHAT broadcasting folk point out with some apprehension is that if a new general manager is appointed over the head of Mr. Frigon, the assistant general manager, it will be the third time that this has happened. Mr. Frigon isn't the kind of man to "sit idly by" while this sort of thing goes on. The custom of promotion cannot be ignored forever.

One thing is certain. When Dr. J. S. Thomson's resignation becomes effective, Mr. Frigon automatically becomes the acting general manager. He will be on the throne. It may be difficult to unthrone him. But if promotion comes his way, it would mean a step-up for the superviser of programs, Ernest L. Bushnell, who ever since the CBC came into being has proven his qualifications.

OF ALL the programs on the air these days, I find Rex Stout's "Our Secret Weapon" one of the most intriguing. It is heard on Fridays, early in the evening. The main idea of the broadcast is to give the lie to broadcasts from Japan, Germany and Italy. Stout does it with an accuracy and an irony that holds listeners close to their loud-speakers. I have no doubt that the Office of War Information greatly facilitates Stout's broadcasts. No private individual could gather the material necessary for such a broadcast.

More than 5,000 copies of Stout's scripts are sent free each week to be read in public schools, high schools, colleges and universities. Scripts are also sent to training centres for service-men, so that they too, might know the nature of the enemy. Stout dropped his mystery stories more than a year ago to devote his whole time to radio propaganda. Freedom House assists in the selection of enemy broadcasts for Stout to comment on. Strangely enough, the program is sponsored by the Philco people.

BOB HOPE has just returned to United States after a three-month engagement in the European theatre of war. He was loud in his praise of the spirit of the American soldier, and the teamwork between the Americans and the British. Of his trip to England, Africa, Sicily and Iceland, Hope said: "It was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

RETURNING to these shores with Hope was the beautiful and glamorous singer, Frances Langford. She was a pound heavier than she ever had been in her life. She was as tan as a berry. The ladies will be interested that she wore slacks when travelling, and when she dressed up for fussy affairs, she wore sheer crepes and silk prints. About the dressiest item in her wardrobe was a black street-length dress with lace yoke. She was nearly hit by a piece of flak when watching a raid in North Africa. She brought home a hand-woven rug of camel's hair and sheep's wool, and a service helmet a Britisher, now dead, had given her.

RADIO chatter: The Blue network has added Francis Drake, expert on aerial warfare, to its list of news commentators . . . contrary to what you'd think, the reader of poetry, Ted Malone, is short, and stoutish and slightly bald . . . (but he reads poetry awfully well). . . Robert Young is starring in a new series called "Passport for Adams", heard Tuesdays late. . . Don Pryor has replaced Leigh White as CBS Washington correspondent. . . Morgan Beatty has replaced Robert St. John as NBC Washington correspondent . . . they tell me that radio announcers like Jack Fulton in Toronto make anywhere from $150. to $250. a week, which isn't hay. . . newsman Roy Porter. who is heard now and then on the air-waves, is a brother of Arthur Porter, of the Canadian Gallup Poll office. . . Stanley Maxted is writing human interest stories in "London Calling", reprints of broadcasts he gives weekly over the BBC. . . Frank Willis has been in Whitehorse recently, arranging "The Footlight Front" . . . Canadian radio actors have formed a union, and are demanding union rates for their services . . . few Canadian musicians have done so much as Samuel Hersenhoren to promote Canadian composers on the air.

THE announcement that somebody or other is going to broadcast his 600th program always fascinates me. How anybody can think up 600 programs for radio is quite beyond our understanding. But the Carnation people have done it. Monday, Sept. 27, will see their 600th program, with composer-arranger Percy Faith at the baton. Percy, who used to play in the pit in Toronto movie houses, now earns something like $1,000 a week. The Carnation show is one of the oldest commercial programs in existence. It originates in Chicago. The present vocal stars are Josephine Antoine, of the Metropolitan Opera, and Reinhold Schmidt, of the Chicago Opera Co.

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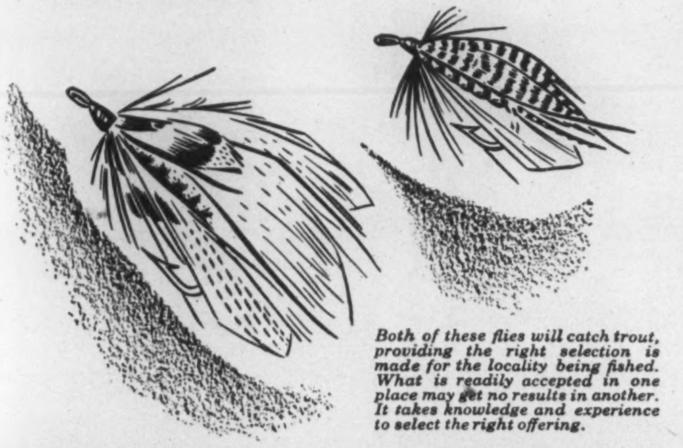

Both of these flies will catch trout, providing the right selection is made for the locality being fished. What is readily accepted in one place may get no results in another. It takes knowledge and experience to select the right offering.

RADIO PROGRAMS, too, require knowledge and experience in their selection. The program which brings in results in other parts of Canada may produce no results at all in Quebec Province. To find out by trial and error is a costly experiment—let us put our knowledge and understanding at your disposal. We have had many years of experience in planning broadcasts in both French and English, especially for the Quebec audience—have produced programs for some of the leading national advertisers in Canada—and will work directly with you or harmoniously with your Advertising Agency. May we discuss *your* radio questions with *you?* Write us, or telephone Marquette 1183.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

From Now On I'll Be Thirty

BY DORA SANDERS CARNEY

"PATSY!" Mother called. "Where is your blue hair ribbon?"

The eight-year-old looked as if her dearest secret had been discovered. "It's—I'm—well—I'm using it for something very special."

"But what about the pink one, and the brown and all the others?"

"I'm using them all. You see—they're—well, they're tying up your birthday presents."

"Oh, I see," said Mother. "Thank you. But how many presents are you giving me?"

"A whole lot," said Pat eagerly. "You see, I've always longed for lots and lots of birthday presents myself, so I'm just getting you all I possibly can. I'm making some, and I've bought a whole lot—"

"Bought, Pat?"

Noble Effort

"Oh yes. Daddy gave me a lot of money to buy some. Really, Mother, he was so nice about it when I asked him for some money to buy you a present. He gave me a quarter and said I could have some more coppers if I wanted them. He was really *very* nice about it. I used seven cents from my own pocket money, too." Since the children's pocket money is still counted in coppers, and a proportion put into war stamps "towards university", this was a noble effort. Bridgit, who is six, here made her voice heard.

"I used seven cents from my money, too, but nobody gave me any money and I wish they would!"

"Why don't you ask Daddy?"—suggested Patsy. "Really, he was *so* nice when I asked him—" but Mother's heart quaked for Father. She gave Bridgit fifteen cents, reminding her that she liked "made presents" best. Bridgit was thrilled with the money. Her brown eyes sparkled like the midnight skies, and she hunched her shoulders and cuddled the fifteen cents to her heart. Patsy took charge immediately. "If you like I'll go to the store with you now and tell you what to buy!"

Plough and Jelly Beans

"Okay," said Bridgit. "May we, Mother?" Away they went. Tom, who is three and given to dramatics, began his lament. "Never, never I 'ad no money to buy you a birfday present! Never in my life I 'ad no money to buy you a present! If I 'ad money I would buy you a new car, and a snow plough and jelly beans!"

The car and snow plough, promises of long standing, were ignored. Mother said, "If I give you a nickel to buy me some jelly beans, you understand they are for my birthday and not to be eaten now!"

"Sure!" said Tom indignantly. "I not eat your jelly beans. No! Jelly beans your birthday present, for your birthday!" So when the girls came back, they went off again with Tom and his nickel. He handed Mother the small white bag most pompously. "There!" he said. "That your birthday present! Please I 'ave some now?"

"No, Tom! Those are for Mother's birthday!"

"Mother's birthday now!" insisted Tom. "I want Mother's birthday wight NOW!"

Entirely of mink is this fedora, tilted forward but well "grounded" in back. The chou and streamers are of coarse brown mesh. By Florell.

He was cajoled and persuaded by his sisters, and they all three carried off the little bag to be wrapped up. Jim, Patsy's twin brother was reading the Funnies, and she tackled him. "What are you giving Mother for her birthday?"

"Nothing," said Jim and read on.

"Oh, but you must, Jim! You simply must. You—you—you can't have any birthday cake unless you give her a present!"

"Cake?" his head bobbed up. "Will there be icing on it?"

"I don't know. We haven't been saving sugar. Maybe if we go without sugar on our cereal from now till then, there'll be icing on it. But you must have a present."

"Well, I haven't any money."

"Why don't you ask Daddy? He was awfully nice when I asked him and gave me a quarter. I'm sure he'd give you some if you told him it was for Mother's birthday."

"I wouldn't know what to buy."

Creation of a Gift

"I'll go to the store with you and tell you—" but this did not suit Jim. He came disconsolately to Mother in the next room. "Even if I asked Dad for some money to buy you a present it wouldn't be any use, because I wouldn't know what to buy you!"

"Why don't you make me something?" Mother asked. He brightened immediately, for his present ambition is to be a carpenter.

"All right! What'll I make? Would you like a coffee table?" Mother didn't mention that she had a coffee table. She asked instead, "What have you got that would make a coffee table?"

Jim said, "There's all those boards out at the back. I'm sure Dad'll let me have them!"

"You mean—" Mother gulped, controlled her voice, and began again more calmly. "Do you mean the old planks we put down on the path last spring when the garden was flooded?"

"Yes," said Jim, "Do you think we'll need them again next spring?"

"We might. And anyway, would you need nails for the coffee table? Because I think those boards are too rotten to hold nails."

Yes, he agreed, drooping. That was true. He was glum. However Mother mentioned that she had always wanted a bird table, and there was a board and a pole in the garage she had set aside as suitable, so for two hours Jim sawed and hammered and dug happily. Then he came in again, triumphant but a little uncertain. "It's done," he said, "but the trouble is now you know what I'm giving you."

"I can always forget," said Mother. "In fact, I've forgotten already."

"Oh, jake! Hey, girls!" he yelled, starting off to his sisters. "Now I can have some cake! Look out of the window, but don't tell Mum!"

The presents were wrapped and re-wrapped many times. When the hair ribbons gave out, strips of colored cloth were requisitioned from the rag bag. The gay parcels were all piled into a cardboard box, labelled, "Don't Touch. By order of The Girls and Tom." At last Patsy came to Mother, sighing with excitement.

Every Day a Birthday

"Oh, darling, I'm so excited about your birthday! I wish it was here now, but in a way I don't, because you'll be so terribly old!"

"Oh, no, Pat! Not so old!"

"Oh, yes," said Patsy. "Darling, you can't help it, but it's terribly, terribly old!"

Mother said with determination, "I'm going to be thirty, and that's not old!" Pat's mouth dropped open. She asked, "But how many years ago were you born?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Mother. "You see, Pat, until a woman is twenty-five, she counts her age from when she was born. But after twenty-five, she is just as old as she feels."

"Oh!" gasped, Pat. "And you just feel thirty!"

"Absolutely!"

"And you'll be thirty every birthday from now on until you feel older!"

"That's it, exactly!"

"Oh, kids!" Patsy went off like a sky rocket. "Oh, kids! Mother's only going to be thirty! Every birthday from now on, until she feels older!"

Jim looked skeptical. Bridgit looked thrilled. Tom said, as determined as Mother, "I thirty too! I big now."

Patsy came whirling back. "Oh, darling, that is so wonderful! Because it means you're only twenty-nine now, and you always will be twenty-nine! Oh now if you're only going to be thirty always, I wish you could have a birthday every week!"

The large squashy beret in bright red felt may be worn alone or over the separate helmet of beige wool, which snugs the head to the hairline. This double duty bonnet is an ingenious John-Fredericks creation.

INTERVAL

(Up the Gatineau)

A PATHWAY winding up an Autumn hill
In search of beauty at its scarlet best
Was beckoning and swift to do its will
I joined, with eagerness, the upward quest.

Tree-filtered sunshine stippled a design
Of shifting shadows on the bouldered clay.
The air was nectar; like enchanted wine
It warmed and mellowed the October day,
While beauty, flaunting a fantastic mood,
Disclaimed reality at every bend.
Peace was everywhere, and solitude
Bestowed the blessing of a chosen friend.

—HELEN BALL.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Protect All Your Possessions

BY LILLIAN D. MILLAR

IT WAS only in our grandparents' time that the husband attended to most of the money matters of the home. The wife did some of the shopping but in most cases it was the man of the house who settled the bills and who held the cash. For that, he said, was "business" — a man's job—and not for his little wife to worry her pretty head about.

Today, however, women hold the pocketbook. It is a matter of record, statistically supported, that the housewives of Canada dispense the bulk of the Canadian income. Women are attending to a larger and larger percentage of family finances, especially since the war when so many wives are acting as agents for their husbands who are overseas.

Therefore, women are taking a growing interest in all business matters which affect their home or their family. They want to find out all about such things.

Dorothy Grant is an example. John, her husband, is overseas and since he left Dorothy has been trying to master all family business. They have an attractive home and Dorothy thought that she had better check up to see that they had enough insurance. She consulted an insurance agent and asked his advice as to how much insurance they should have. To her amazement she found that there were a dozen or more types of insurance which they might carry. And she had thought only of fire insurance! However, the agent recommended four classes of insurance which he considered the most necessary for their particular needs.

Fire Alarm

First, of course, there was fire insurance on the building itself. The Grant home is valued at $10,000 and they carry a $4,000 fire insurance policy to cover the amount of the mortgage. "But", explained the agent, "if your house is totally destroyed by fire this $4,000 would go to the person holding the mortgage and you would receive nothing. To be fully insured you need another policy for the difference between the $4,000 mortgage and the total value of the property, less the value of the land." "Then," he continued, "for a small extra premium protection may be obtained against such added perils as windstorm, smoke damage, hail, lightning, explosion and damage by aircraft or vehicles. This is called supplemental (or supplementary) contract."

Then there is insurance on household furniture and equipment and all personal possessions. When they were married John took out a fire insurance policy for $1,500 on the contents of their home. The agent said that this was quite inadequate, that they were badly underinsured and he gave Dorothy a book in which to make an inventory of all their possessions. When she had completed the inventory she discovered to her surprise that the total value was well over $5,000. A few big items alone—such as the piano, radio, silver, electric refrigerator, washing machine and ironing machine—she found are worth more than the $1,500 insurance they carry.

Moreover, the agent pointed out, that in addition to the threat of fire there is the menace of the burglar. He said that cases of burglary, housebreaking, robbery and theft total nearly five times the number of fires and that these thefts result in a property loss almost as great as fire loss. He said that cases are now commonplace where a burglar breaks into a home and carts off hundreds of dollars' worth of silver, rugs, clothes, curtains and other household effects, or where a sneak thief slips in and gets a fur coat or an overcoat while the family is at dinner.

Personal

Many policies might be taken out to cover personal effects—fire, burglary, insurance on furs, jewelery, fine art, etc. But the agent recommended a modern, comprehensive policy, streamlined to fit the needs of the householder. This policy, called Personal Property Floater, in one contract provides protection formerly requiring a dozen or more policies. It covers household effects and all personal possessions not only of yourself but of all members of your family who live with you, also property of guests and servants while it is on your premises.

It covers almost every risk—fire, lightning, burglary, theft, hold-up, water and smudge damage, transportation hazards and many others. You are covered if a burglar breaks in and makes a haul. You are compensated if your baggage is lost or destroyed while you are travelling. You are covered if an over-flowing bathtub or leaky plumbing should ruin your beautiful rugs or warp the furniture.

BLOOD DONOR

TODAY a willing pint for the boys
Who are licking the Hitlers and Hirohitos—
Tonight a reluctant gallon goes
To a horde of thirsty mosquitoes!

—MAY RICHSTONE.

Then, the policy is unique in that it covers your personal property wherever it may be. For example, contents of your summer cottage can be covered as well as that of your permanent residence. Your fur coat is covered while it is in storage, you will be compensated if your dress is lost while at the cleaners. You can recover under the policy if your daughter's new winter coat is stolen from the locker at college.

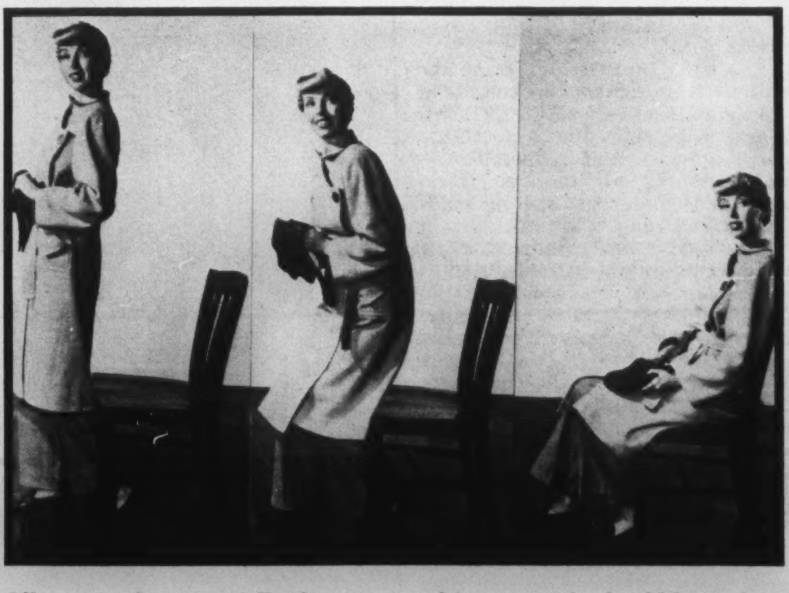
Of course, there are certain exclusions such as automobiles, wear and tear, war damage, etc. And amounts are restricted on certain articles, such as jewelery, watches and furs.

The third policy the agent recommended that Marjorie should take out is one called "residence liability" insurance. This insurance indemnifies you for any claim which may be brought against you if someone is injured on your premises. Because of the numerous damage suits which follow automobile accidents, the public are becoming claim conscious. Today, whenever anyone is hurt the first thought is to collect damages from the person responsible. Now, you are liable if the postman or milkman should trip and fall over a toy left on the walk. You may be held responsible if a guest should fall on a polished floor or over a loose rug, or if a meter reader for the gas or electric company should trip over a broom left on your cellar stairs. It would be a serious matter if the ladder broke when the cleaning woman was washing windows and she should fall and fracture her leg.

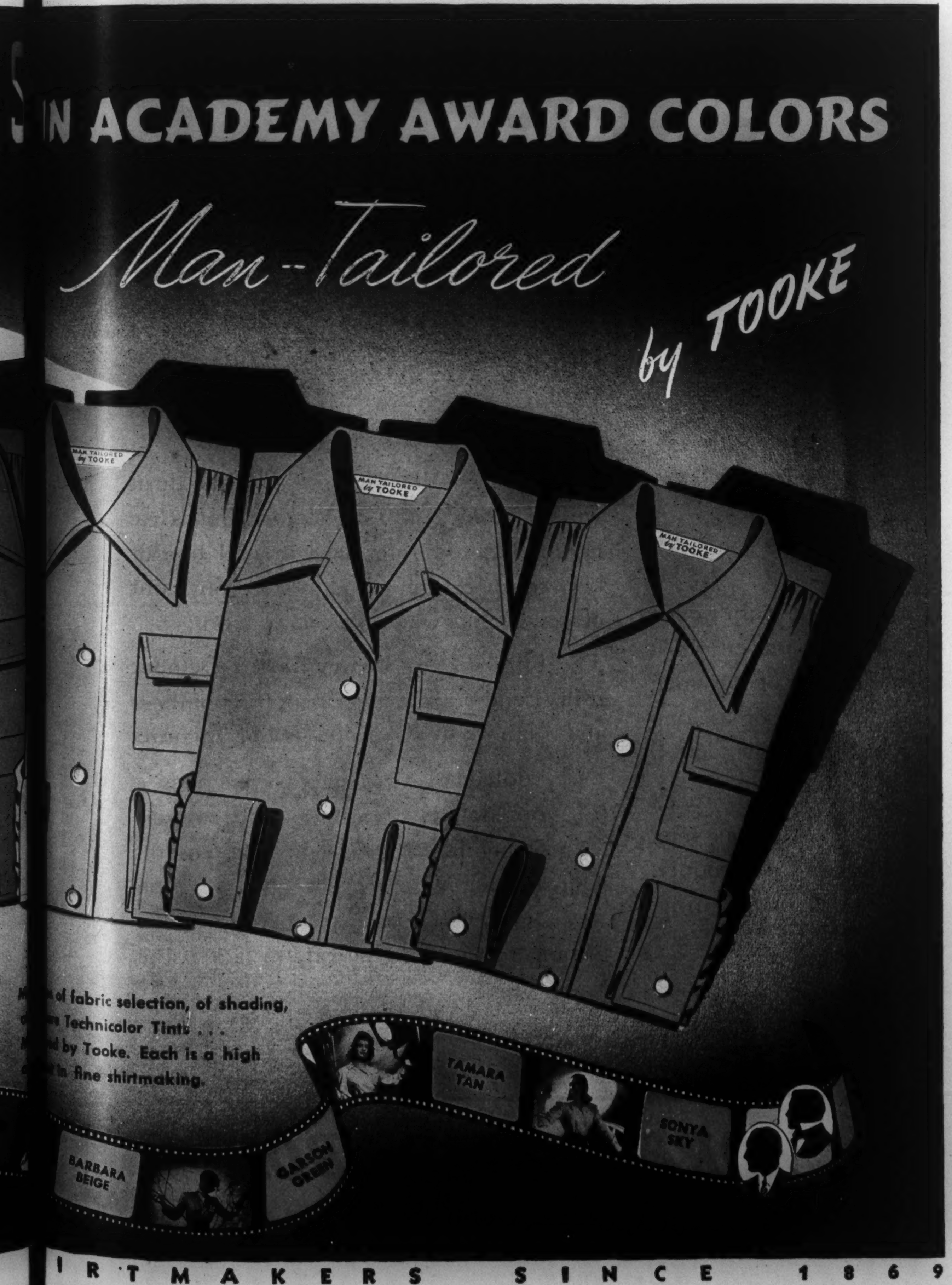
This policy provides that if any claim is made against you, whether or not it has any merits, the trouble and expense of investigating the accident and handling the claim will fall upon the insurance company and not upon you. The company steps in, pays all expenses of investigation, attorney's fees and court costs. If you are held legally responsible it will pay the damages up to the limits of the policy.

Automobile Insurance

As Marjorie is driving the family car since John left, the fourth class of insurance recommended is automobile insurance. Already they have a policy which covers loss as a result of fire or theft. "But", said the agent, "you haven't the most important coverage. Automobile insurance", he explained, "has two distinct purposes. The first is to protect you against any financial loss which may result if your car should injure any person or damage any other person's property. The second is to cover loss of or damage to the car itself. In all there are five different classes of automobile insurance", continued the agent. "The first, called public liability insurance, covers your legal liability if anyone is injured or killed by your car. The second is property damage insurance which, as the name implies, covers your liability for any damage your car may do to the property of others. The third is collision insurance which pays for damage to your own car. The fourth and fifth which you now carry is fire and theft insurance. You can take any one or all five classes. But", he continued, "if you cannot afford them all I would strongly recommend that at least you take public liability and property damage. I wouldn't drive around the block without these two coverages", exclaimed the agent, "the risk is too great. If you have an accident it might cost you your home and everything you have to pay the damages. Damages of $10,000 and up are being awarded more frequently all the time."



All women, but especially those engaged in war work, should know how to sit correctly to conserve energy. The correct way to sit down and rise out of a chair is illustrated here. Note the easy, graceful posture in the third photograph showing the subject when seated. Correct posture can do much to prevent fatigue in women—especially those engaged in the more sedentary occupations such as rolling bandages, etc.



THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto

The Witty Iconoclast

BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER, by Lin Yutang. (Longmans, Green, $3.00.)

BEARING a lance pointed against materialism in all its phases the amiable and witty author of this book compares himself to a gad-fly raised up for the purpose of stinging into wakefulness the lazy old bull called power-politics, or economics, or imperialism (as you will). With warm indignation he denounces the policies which left China unsupported and all but helpless against the aggression of Japan, and which even yet have not begun to approach the need. He argues that the people as a whole are against burning and bombing on any part of the earth's surface; that their native good-will is hostile to cruelty and murder and has been distorted and almost destroyed by ignorant politicians and "dumb" leaders.

So in a time when all freedom is threatened with eclipse he denounces the leaders who face the threat with resolution and faith and gives counsels of perfection when the perfection he visualizes has never existed on earth.

He is particularly severe on all "experts" in economics and political science, who are supposed "to have all the facts" but who have shown in a hundred instances that they have not the wisdom to use them for the benefit of humanity, either in the mass or in detail. He quotes with approval the Confucian contempt for bureaucrats, lawyers and soldiers; since too many bureaucrats destroy sane government, too many lawyers destroy justice, and too many soldiers destroy peace.

But his bitterest criticism is for the Economist whom he pictures as saying: "Peace is a highly technical matter, like the making of synthetic rubber. It consists of lowering tariff barriers, establishing international air-routes and air-bases, shipping and insurance credits and guarantee of capital investments abroad, easing of population pressures, raising the standard of living. Peace is just distributing ration-coupons to the world. So, if we get together an army of tariff experts, rubber experts, air experts, shipping experts, insurance experts, and cactus experts (of which there are fifty-seven varieties) and alfalfa experts (those who specialize in the crinkly alfalfa and the flat-leaf one) and divide all these experts into departments and sections then we are going to have peace. It is this form of materialism that is driving me mad."

And yet the people of the world have to be fed and housed in order to have any fraction of "normal good-will". And how can this be done without consideration of material concepts such as scientific agriculture, equable distribution and international and internal trade?

The author is not a gad-fly but a destructionist whose humor (which is a spiritual quality) is debased by the purely mental exercise of cleverness and wit. At the same time there is enough truth in his argument to justify the aphorism that the only way to improve the world is to improve the individual man; in short to make the Christian conception of life come true.

The book is as charming as it is irritating, as carefully built as it is withering and wrong-headed.

The Loss of Greece

WIND OF FREEDOM, by Compton Mackenzie. (Macmillan, $5.00.)

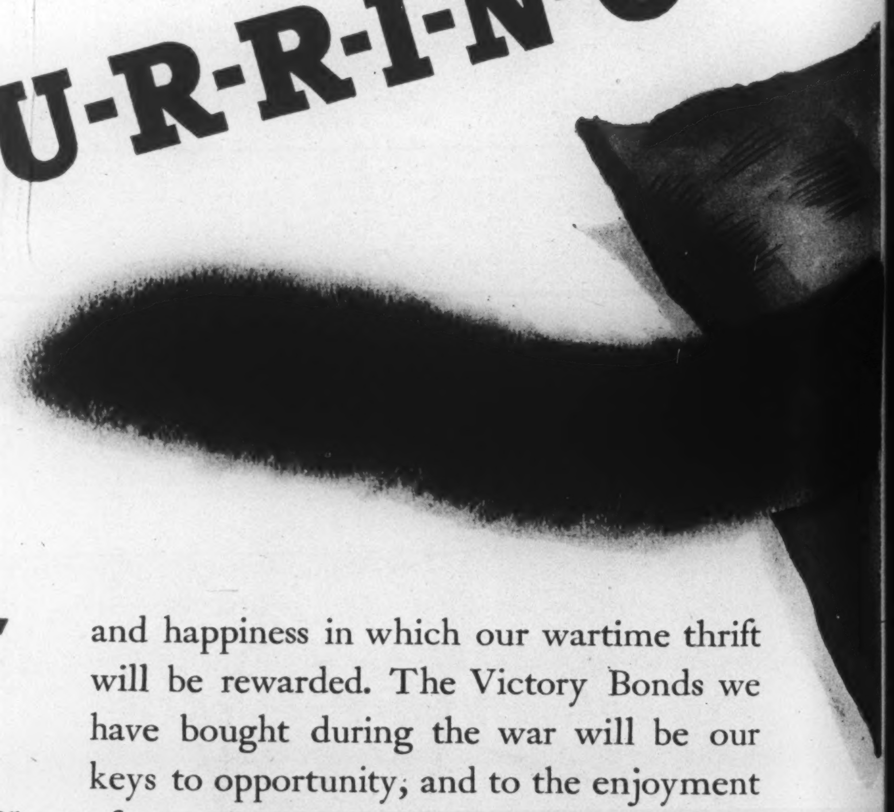
IN 1940 and 1941 Great Britain was still hard-pressed and the issue of the great war could not be foreseen. Consequently most British people kept their eyes on the main arena and gave little sharp attention to the minor struggles in other rings. So it is that a large area of ignorance exists concerning the causes and progress of the domination of Greece. For that reason this book should have a wide reading.

Compton Mackenzie, Head of the AEgean Intelligence Service during the last War, who won decorations both from Great Britain and Greece, was certainly the best available person to tell the story of this secondary but vital, campaign. For he proves that it was a time-waster for Hitler and a time-gainer for Russia, and, in weighing might-have-beens, he concludes that without it, the Germans might have realized their plan of capturing Moscow and rounding-up the Red Army.

The Balkans, so long as they remained neutral, were a protection to the German right flank in the contemplated eastern aggression. So, he argues, the march of Italy to Albania and onward was a sharp embarrassment to Germany. And this embarrassment swelled to vexation when the legions of Mussolini, driven to a thankless and unwelcome task, were torn to rags by the ill-equipped but incredibly gallant Greek army. It became necessary for Germany to supplement the weak efforts of his jackal by sending a heavy mechanized force and a thousand bombers and fighters to smash Greece to a bleeding pulp.

A British contingent from the Egyptian front under the command of General Freyberg V.C., of New Zealand was sent to hamper the enemy's advance, and a small R.A.F. detachment did all that could be done. But Rommel was still active in North Africa and was stronger in both men and material than Wavell's force; so that any large expedition to Greece was not possible. But the Royal Navy co-operated manfully, as always, and succeeded in evacuating the survivors.

The book follows the complete course of Mussolini's lying diplomacy which preceded the war and records the whole campaign in detail. The author is lyrical in his praise of the Greek people, military and civilian, and justifiably so. The only weakness of the writer is his blazing invective against the Duce and his coterie of gangsters. Granted that there is justification for anger at Mussolini's base conduct and for contempt at his oratorical attempts to paint defeat as shining victories, neither anger nor contempt add strength to any book.



STOP P-U-R-R-I-N-G

THE WAR ISN'T WON YET.....

Sure, we're doing well... but it isn't over, and we can't afford to relax our efforts as long as there is a single one of our men within range of enemy fire, nor as long as the Axis has any fighting ability left.

We can hasten victory. We can speed the end of the war. We can get our men back home, victorious, a good deal sooner, if we do our part without slackening, without complacency.

And we can quicken the coming of peace and happiness in which our wartime thrift will be rewarded. The Victory Bonds we have bought during the war will be our keys to opportunity, and to the enjoyment of new things when the war is won.

The Fifth Victory Loan will start October 18th. Lend your savings to your country—and plan to lend more out of income.

Every dollar you put into these bonds is still your dollar... earning good interest ... growing into a nest-egg that ensures your future. You are not giving... you are LENDING, and what you lend is helping to shorten the war, to hasten the happy days.

GET READY TO BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

THE BOOKSHELF

China's American Tolstoy

BY D. P. O'HEARN

BATTLE HYMN OF CHINA, by Agnes Smedley. (Ryerson, $4.25.)

THIS is a tremendous book and a monumental document, the fruit of a life-time's work by a most remarkable woman. It aims to give the English-speaking world its first clear picture of the Chinese people today and of their fight for social freedom during recent years. It succeeds beyond reasonable expectations.

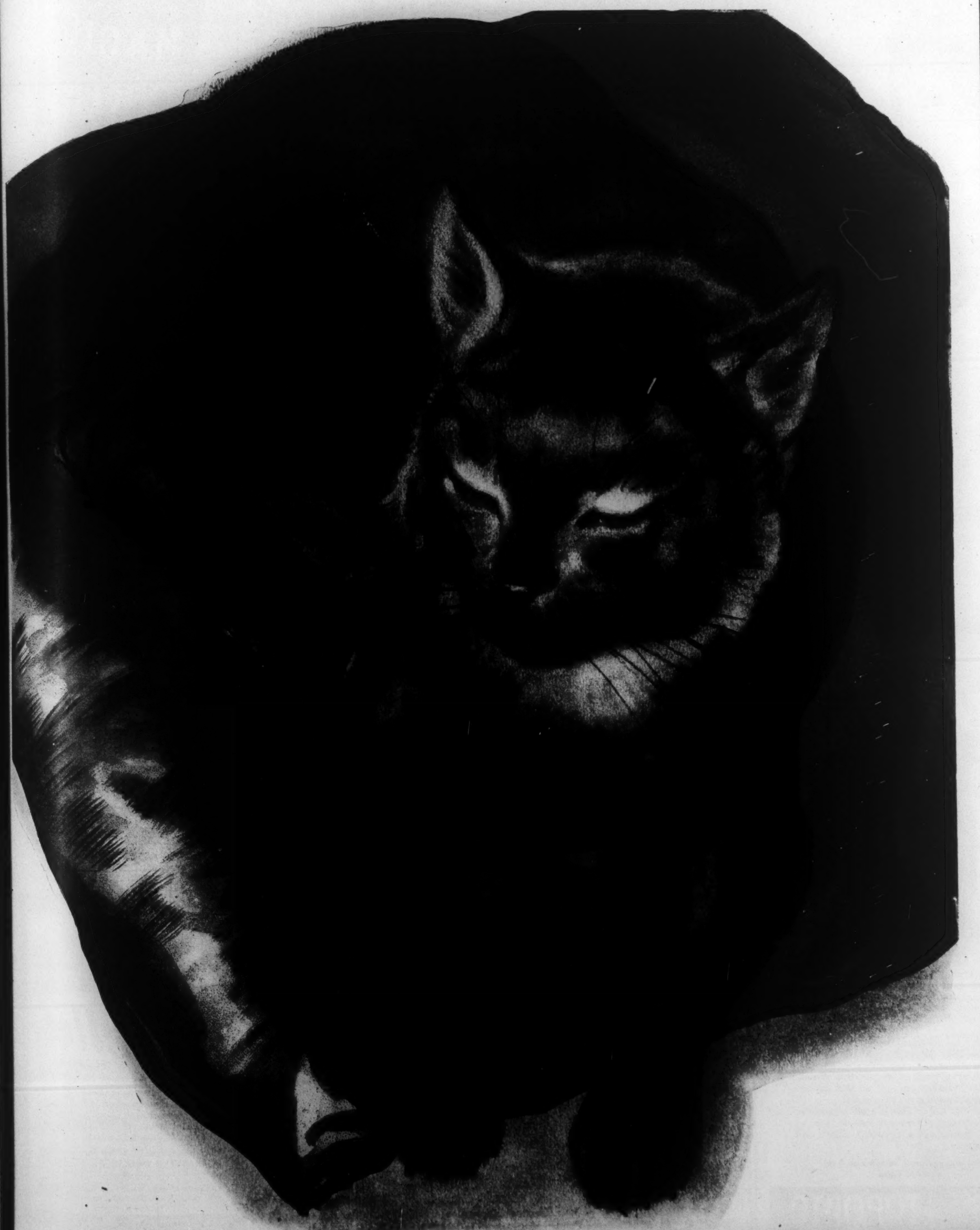
The author is an exceptional breed of writer. She has been a professional journalist for years, a correspondent for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Manchester Guardian*. But she has used journalism mainly as an outlet for her message to humanity, and as an incidental means of support.

Her life has been a rare adventure. After a drab childhood in Colorado she drifted to New York and became attached to Indian revolutionaries. After a spell in prison during the last war she travelled to Berlin, in 1919, and lived with the famous Indian leader Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, counsellor to Nehru and an outcast from his homeland. In Berlin she became interested in Chinese history and after living eight years in Europe decided to go to China and work among the Chinese people.

Twelve amazing years followed. First, investigating the people as no other correspondent has ever done; living with them and sharing their life in all parts of the country, and usually on the other side of the fence from the European and official-Chinese sets, who branded her as a revolutionary and as immoral. With the Japanese aggression she went into the field with the Chinese armies and for the next ten years travelled and lived among them with a freedom and confidence that no other foreigner enjoyed. She organized medical units and pleaded for Red Cross aid, travelled through the Japanese lines and at times through their hands, lectured and instructed the armies everywhere, acted as the confidante of Generals, and emerged in 1941 better informed on conditions in the army than most of the Chinese leaders themselves.

Several times throughout the book there is mention of "War and Peace" and Miss Smedley undoubtedly is trying to portray China in the same way as Tolstoy's classic pictured the Russia of 1812. She at times compares the China of today with the Russia of Tolstoy's time, and the theme of her book is the struggle of this most complex country of hundreds of millions of people fighting a mighty enemy literally with bare hands, and at the same time torn with the internal strife of a nation making its first violent reaches for a democratic way of life.

The book will come in for criticism from many quarters. Although Miss Smedley tries to use a degree of journalistic impartiality, and considering her obviously strong opinions is remarkably successful at times, her story is the story of the people and she presents it generally without regard for more than one side. Her picture of the International Red Cross, of missionaries, and of the present regime in China will not be popular, and she shows an unwillingness to sympathize with the necessities of international diplomacy. At times the personal style of her narration gives offense. But she knows her subject, and her book is not the fruit of the usual correspondent's Cook's Tour. It tackles a tremendous task and in the end gives a picture of the Chinese people that has clarity and depth and is well worth the reading.



Song in Vermont

GREEN MOUNTAIN LYRICS, an Anthology, edited by Enid Crawford Pierce and Helen Harkness Flanders. (Oxford, $2.50.)

FARMING in Vermont is mainly up-hill work, performed in summers that really devote themselves to heat, and in winters that growl and persist. The people put-up with the weather until they begin to enjoy it, in a calm, untalkative manner, and regard the frowning hills more as friends than enemies.

Taciturn folk in a rugged environment breed poets who can say a great deal in a few words and express deep feeling without being garrulous about it. This anthology, sponsored by the Federation of Vermont Women's Clubs, bears out that statement, and presents samples of the work of 67 poets, a large proportion of whom have contributed to the national magazines. Sarah N. Cleghorn and Frances Frost are of this company; Alexander Laing and Arthur Guiterman; Margaret Steel Hard and Helen Harkness Flanders.

It's an interesting book; though, perhaps like all regional poetry, it is too deeply occupied with the region, instead of with the world of pain and loss.

Italian Thrills

BY MARY DALE MUIR

WITHOUT ORDERS, by Martha Albrand. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.)

HERE is a story of contemporary Italy with all the thrill of a murder mystery. The unfolding plot races along and the reader is sufficiently baffled by each new turn it takes to resent any interruption of his reading. Unfortunately the authoress is also entirely immersed in the excellent plot she is developing, so immersed in it that she cannot take time to make her characters live. The result is that an air of unreality clings even to hero and heroine. They are far too sketchy to remain long in the mind.

Speed, novelty, and background are the story's great assets. It is quite evident that the writer is thoroughly familiar with her Italy and in few words is capable of passing on this familiarity. She has also a knack of causing one almost to smell the atmosphere of strange places. The story's great appeal, however, remains the novelty of the plot and the skill with which it is handled. Altogether it is a story worth the reading, with enough of timely fact and abundant imagination.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Madame, Be Seated

BY DOROTHY LEONE EDGAR

SO—you never get a seat in a street car? You gripe, and write a letter to the editor? Shame on you!

ANY woman can get a seat in *any* street car. I always do. For years I have zealously guarded my secrets, but the time has come to tell all. It is the least I can do for my sex.

I ride to work in a W.I.T. car now, anyway.

Women for years have fought for equal rights with men. When the men finally granted these rights, they went all the way, darn them. They even granted us the same right to stand up in a crowded car. Gone are the chivalrous days when a tired business man or factory worker would rise and gallantly offer his seat to a lady. He figures, in the obscure way that men do, that he has as much right to the seat as she.

But for heaven's sake! Are we women, or aren't we? Can we twist the stupid male around our little finger or can't we?

Of course we can.

Getting a seat is a fine art. But, remember, these tips are strictly for girls. The men already have the seats.

First, of course, you must get on the street car, and here it is a case of every woman for herself.

Now, you are inside, and the next step calls for a bit of finesse. Don't forget that you have plenty of competition, and every person has the same goal in mind—a seat. Start working your way down the car. Maybe this is impossible, but generally with a little gentle persistence comes success. Don't use your elbows. Commando tactics are not popular, and furthermore are a dead give-away as to your purpose. You must be subtle, and give the impression that a seat is the farthest thing from your mind.

Work your way to the people sitting near the exit. This gives you a bit of a head start, for those that are getting off soon prefer to sit here so they can disembark with ease. Don't get too near, though, you may get swept off in one of the rushes.

Be Subtle

Now let us take stock of the situation. There is a man occupying a desirable seat and looking disdainfully out the window.

The car lurches conveniently. You lurch into his lap.

He will do one of two things. He might immediately rise and politely offer you his seat. Or he might just give you a dirty look and push you upright again.

So, you're back on your feet? Well, try catching his attention by treading on his toe, and when he looks up in some irritation, sway wanly and give him a distressed smile. The man does not live who can resist this.

But suppose you see three or four men occupying one of those seats that run along the side of the car. Very simple. Just plop down between a couple of them. The poor fools will automatically shift and make room for you, even if one of them has to get up.

Oh, this is a little too unladylike for you? Very well, there are other methods.

Cast your eyes around for a party, male or female, holding a transfer in his or her hand. This is a pretty good indication that they are going to get off soon.

Plant yourself in front of them. Now comes the ultimate test of your skill. The party gets up to leave, and immediately two men and three women converge on the seat.

If you are quick and supple, the seat is yours. A nimble duck under a reaching arm, a sliding step and agile twist of the old bazoom, and you plunk the latter down on the coveted seat almost before the former occupant has left it, leaving the others baffled and defeated.

What? You missed out on that one? You're still standing on your aching feet? Don't give up hope.

See those three men standing over there? Try squeezing in between them. Now you have a possible chance on four seats. If someone gets up, the men will generally step back, and there you are. Oh—one point here. Don't pick on the well-dressed business men, you will probably have to race them to that one seat. Try the weary looking men in working clothes. They are even more tired than you, but invariably they will step aside and let you in. I know it sometimes makes you feel like a heel, but if it hadn't been you, it would have been someone else, so enjoy it and relax, reflecting on the fundamental courtesy of the common man.

Now, of course, if you have any brains at all, you will memorize the faces of people who regularly get off at certain stops, preferably shortly after you get on. Then you can be sure of a seat every day at the same spot.

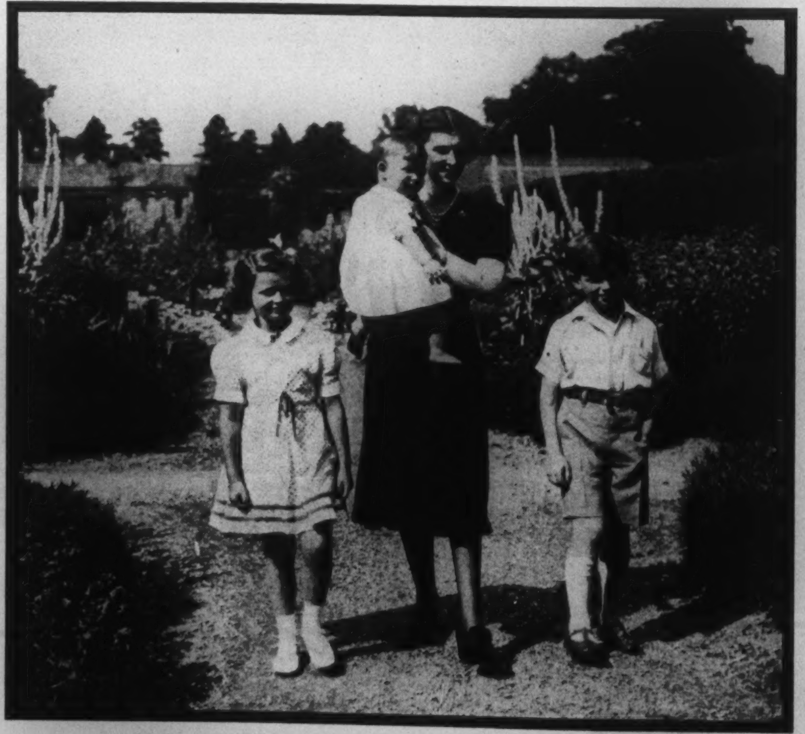
There are always people getting off, and there are several sure methods of detecting them in advance. We've already discussed the party with the transfer. Then there is the woman who, blocks away from her stop, clutches her purse and gathers her bundles, if any, and makes several false starts at getting up. The trouble with this type is, that they attract all the other seat-grabbers, and you have a lot of competition. But, watch for the woman who starts craning her neck to see where she is—this is a sure prospect. Don't bother with the men. They sit there without any sign of emotion whatever, then suddenly just get up and walk out, leaving half a dozen people scrambling for the seat.

Finally, there IS the occasional man who will courteously rise and offer you his seat. This HAS happened, even to me.

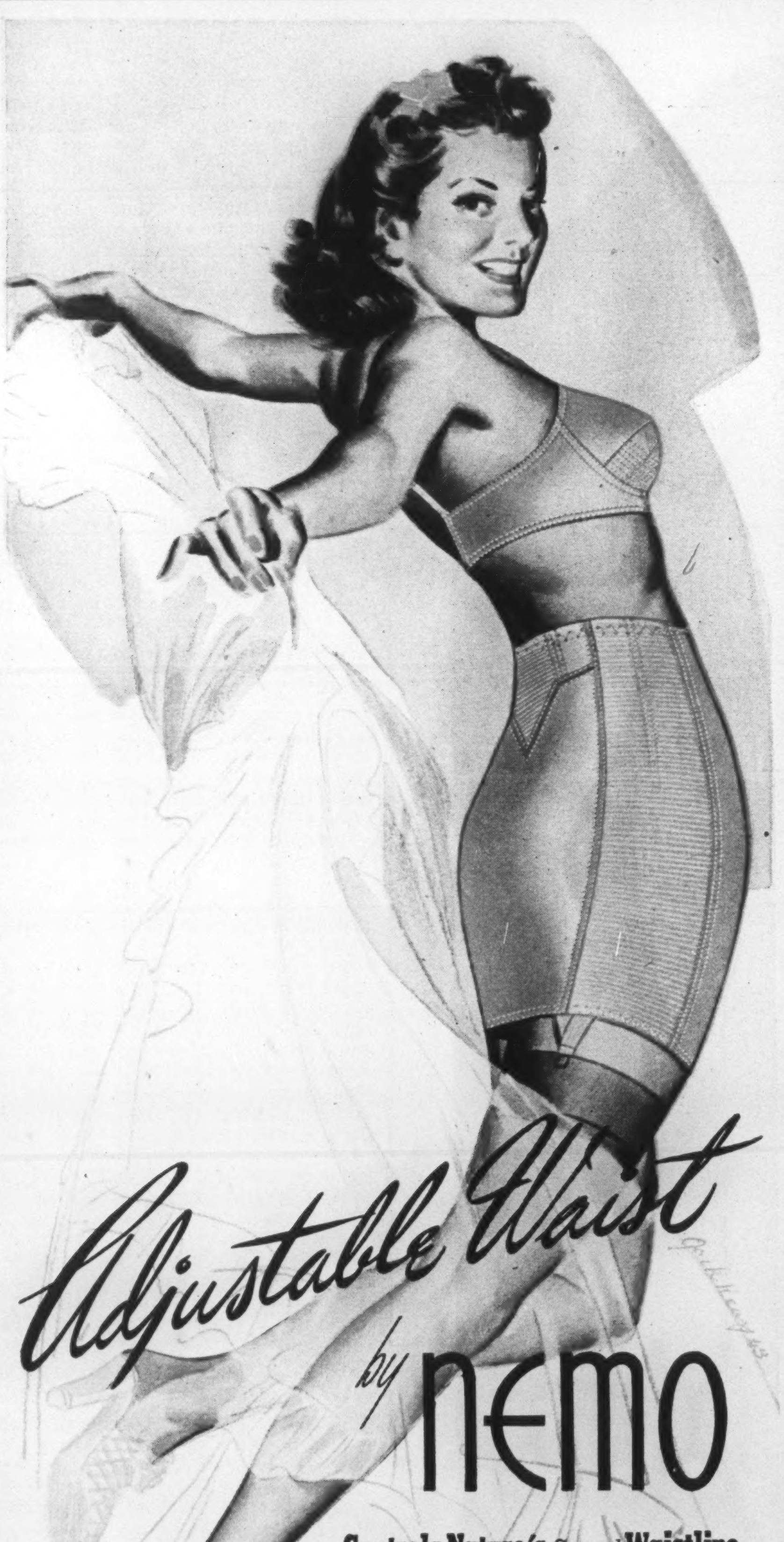
HILLTOP IN CANADA

SEPTEMBER cast a spell upon my heart
And led my feet along familiar ways
To seek again some small consoling part
Of that lost happiness of yesterdays.
And so I found this half forgotten place,
This hilltop where God's loveliness defies
The stress of war; where still unchallenged space
Is solace and delight to troubled eyes.

—HELEN BALL.



The Duchess of Kent and her three children, Prince Edward, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael, are seen in the beautiful summer garden setting at Coppins, Iver, Bucks. Prince Michael, one of whose god-parents is the President of the United States, celebrated his first birthday July 4. Prince Edward's resemblance to his late father is striking.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Stamp of Approval on a Saving Grace

BY BERNICE COFFEY

THE "Open, sesame," to one of wartime's most unusual fashion parades will be a card bearing four war savings stamps which instead of being left at the door will be returned to the owner. In other words, the season's newest clothes will be seen "for free". The Toronto committee of the Women's Volunteer Services (war savings stamps unit headed by Mrs. Egmont Frankel) dreamed up this smart bit of promotion for war savings, and will hold it in the Concert Hall of the Royal York Hotel on the afternoon and evening of September 28.

Simpsons, Eatons, Holt Renfrew, Fairweather, Northway and Creeds will participate with the latest and smartest clothes, and we understand the showing is to feature all sorts of clever tricks with change-about accessories. The parade will include new "Re-Makes" from Mrs. H. M. Aitken's Revue, and Mrs. Aitken will be the show's commentator. Millinery and furs will be some of the added attractions.

Since the project is sanctioned by the National War Finance committee and approved by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, women may rest assured that the fashions on parade will be styled to wartime incomes and modes of living.

Cards of admission and the four stamps will be sold through the W.V.S. and the stores participating in the project.

Mrs. Churchill's Snood

Women who were fortunate enough to see Mrs. Churchill in person, or in photographs, during her recent visit to Canada, noted the simple little mesh snood she wore over her pretty white hair instead of a hat. But we hear that when she returned to England she took with her three hats, and their descriptions sound charming. One is a Chinese rust felt postillion trimmed with natural feathers. Another is a tiny black turban trimmed with sequins, and the third is of fuchsia and purple velvet with bag to match. The hats, we understand, were a gift.

According to Plan

Today nearly every woman in Canada is engaged in some form of volunteer work, and many are becoming highly accomplished at the delicate business of fitting it into the jig-saw pattern of daily living. Others are learning the hard way that it requires a high degree of organization and generalship to do a volunteer job well without falling flat on your face in other departments . . . notably that of Domestic Affairs.

In a recent speech Mrs. W. B. Horkins, national president of the I.O.D.E., offered a few suggestions on how it can be done. Here they are—

Have a time budget for work, play and rest.

Don't bite off more than you can chew—don't spread yourself thin over too many voluntary activities.

The home is the first obligation at all times.

Don't indulge in kitchen secrets—pass on to others your pet economies, recipes, methods that save time and money.

Rest—take off 15 or 20 minutes a day.

Promptitude—being a few minutes late means many hours wasted.

And finally—"keep an even keel."

S. O. S.

With so many calls on the nation's pocketbook, local but nonetheless vital appeals of less widespread organizations have difficulty in competing for attention. Nevertheless these organizations depending on the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. John Doe are of vital importance to the well-being of the communities in which they have their being. They must, somehow, continue to be supported.

The Women's College Hospital which will hold a tag day in Toronto on Saturday, October 2, is an excellent example of what we mean. Here is a hospital which as far as is known is unique in the British Empire and one of the very few of its kind anywhere in the world . . . a fine hospital built by the efforts of public-spirited men and women for women and completely staffed by women doctors. In its earliest origin in 1883 it opened for women the door to the study of medicine from which they previously had been barred.

Sometimes it is difficult for many who have been private patients of a hospital to understand why such organizations must ask for outside assistance. But there are many patients unable to pay their way when ill. Cost of operating public wards and clinics is not entirely covered by grants or what the patient is able to pay, and about 43% of those treated at Women's College Hospital are public patients. But the care they receive is not measured by their ability to pay. For these patients the hospital receives grants amounting to $2.35 a day, but actual costs in average cases run from $3.90 to $4.90 a day, or more. It may even climb to $25 a day when a patient requires special treatment involving things such as sulfa drugs, pneumonia tents, and so on. Hospitals rarely break even—that is why they need money.

In common with all hospitals at the present time, the need for more accommodation is particularly pressing. And that industrious bird, the stork, makes it necessary to expand the nursery which at present is geared to receive fifty brand-new Canadian infants.

The Women's College Hospital Tag Day merits generous support not only for what it represents in the progress of women at large but as a great public service.

"In wartime — and after...

my family needs
Life Insurance PROTECTION!"

"IN OUR monthly household budget, life insurance holds first place. That's our guarantee that there will *always* be enough for everything else!

"Thanks to the representative of The Mutual Life of Canada, I have been able to *plan* my insurance to meet every need . . . succession duties, home and family protection, education for the children and retirement for myself. I found that the company had policies specially designed to meet specific needs."

In these uncertain times, YOUR FAMILY NEEDS LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION! *Only* by life insurance can the average man create *at once* sufficient additional security . . . there is no other way that you can add *so much, so quickly*, to your estate today!

There are Mutual Life of Canada policies planned for wartime incomes —providing maximum protection at minimum cost. For facts and figures, call or write your nearest Mutual Life office today.

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DRESSING TABLE

I've Seen That Dress Before

BY ISABEL MORGAN

NOW that we think of it, months have passed since we last heard the old feminine wail—"I haven't a thing to wear"—in the throaty contralto of a character in "East Lynne" or in a plaintive rising soprano. The tone depended on whether the issue involved something on the scale of a mink coat or just general dissatisfaction with a wardrobe that didn't rate at least one dress under a month old.

But the sartorial picture has changed along with a lot of other things. Now the general feeling seems to be that we climb into our clothes without gloom even though some of them may have seen service for one or two or more years. In fact, there's a trace of pride in the way they wear and "hold their style" because what could be a finer tribute to one's sense of quality and good line?

Apologies

Canadian women are learning to be less conscious of their clothes, and a suit with accessories that will stand the gaff of all day wear is as likely to begin the morning under a smock at a canteen and end it in the afternoon at a reception for some visiting celebrity.

No one cares, least of all the wearer, if a dress has appeared in the same company time after time. And if someone comments upon the attractiveness of a new dress, the owner usually feels called upon to explain the dire necessity that drove her to buying it. Yes, the woman who went on a shopping binge to feed her ego, or because she was bored, or because her sales resistance melted like jelly in the sun at the words, "It is perfect on you, Madam," is as much a thing of the past in responsible circles as the Empress Eugenie hat. We've been helped along in this frame of mind, too, by the conservatism of fashion brought about by government regulations in the interest of saving fabric. "Here today, gone tomorrow" styles are out of style.

Because they must last longer we are giving more attention to the care of the clothes we own. Small rips and tears are pounced on and given the needle and thread treatment. Fortunate is she who has learned how to make small alterations instead of relying on the little dressmaker who, if she isn't busy making parachutes, is reluctant to promise delivery in weeks—if not months—instead of days. Cleaning is another highly important matter in any intelligent clothes conservation plan. Muriel Whitlock, an authority on rayon, offers sound suggestions for successful dry-cleaning. They apply equally well to all types of material—

Note to Cleaner

1—Fabrics labelled *"Dry-Cleanable Only"* should be dry-cleaned by a reputable cleaner. It is wise not to attempt to wash any fabric unless it is specified on a tag as being a "hand-washable" rayon fabric.

2—There are many tags on the market that give information as to what the fabric is made of. This can be very helpful to your dry-cleaner in the proper methods of dry-cleaning if you will pass it on to him.

3—If you will tell your cleaner in a note, what caused the stain it will save him a lot of trouble.

4—Check your wardrobe for "little" spots. The more soiled the garment, the more rigorous the dry cleaning. This *is* hard on fabrics.

5—After the garment has been cleaned, hang it in a place where there is room for the air to circulate freely. Cramming clothes makes creases and provokes strain on the fabrics. Hang the garment by the shoulders with the top button fastened to prevent diagonal sagging.

FRANKLY JEALOUS

HOW ardently your ear is bent
To every little motor knock;
You seem to have the darn thing checked
Almost every other block.

With what unflagging solicitude
You keep your car a resplendent sight
You polish every raindrop off
You rub its metal shining bright

You're cherishing each rubber tire
To within an inch of its dear life—
If only, darling, you would lavish
Half that devotion on your wife!

—MAY RICHSTONE

Lucille Ball, now appearing in "Du Barry Was A Lady," uses a brush to outline the full curves of a generously shaped mouth. Then a lipstick is employed in the usual manner. It's a method used by all movie stars because it gives a clean even line—important in front of the camera which exaggerates the smallest flaw.

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After cleansing, pat away cream traces with Dorothy Gray *Orange Flower Skin Lotion.* Helps stimulate your skin locally . . . liven up its tone! $1.10.

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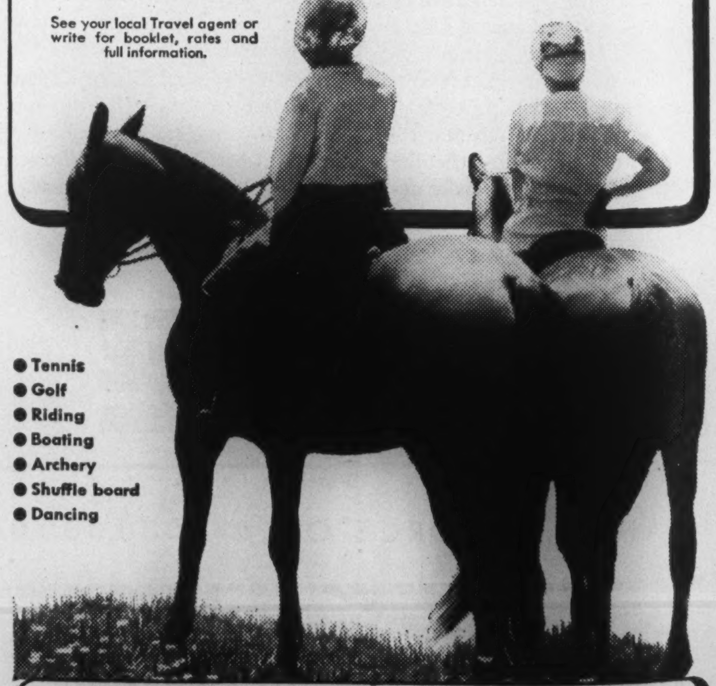

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Chicago—Terrific In Work, Play And In War

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

CHICAGO is a breezy town!

That high-powered wind zipping along Michigan Avenue, swirling nightcaps on fringes of the lake, also does things to people.

We've just come back from Chicago. Business was first but we worked at parties too.

There was that little get-together between four and five. Our host didn't telephone. He didn't call. He sent us a telegram of "Hello-Come."

For a small party it was terrific. We didn't see our host. Goodness, we were sorry about that because he is one of the richest and best-known men in the United States. He was there but we were ten minutes late so we missed him.

"He always has to duck early", someone said.

Our hostess was intrigued about our Canadian angle.

"How do you spell your name? There, I've got it. Now, I'll get you some refreshments—then, I'll introduce you to everybody."

If she had reversed these actions we might have met everybody. Anyway we met sub-hosts and lots of people who just came up and yelled at us.

A big sub-host beamed rapidly. "You write—how much circulation have you—a million?"

"Having Fun?"

Even exaggerating admirably we couldn't claim one-twelfth of all the people in Canada as our readers. Right away, we knew we weren't doing enough.

The reason the party was noisy was because a small, blonde woman was playing a big, blonde accordion. A little brunette played a big piano. What was cookin' was hot tamale. Guests had to become co-performers and sing, or loud-speaker chatterers. Anyone who weakened at all was asked "Having fun?" by people who boasted "Isn't this fun? We're having fun."

This party was tremendous and successful and we were right on the beam for all the other events which the Chicago folks spread for us. Truly, they are among the friendliest, most-generous and best-natured Americans.

We got accustomed to being called "Sugah" or "Honey". Someone asked us if we knew their friend in Sarnia. Several were anxious to learn if Canada herself really paid for the Governor-General.

The big Third War Loan is being launched. Chicago was getting ready with flags and talks everywhere. The United States Government is asking for the voluntary investment of $15,000,000,000, largest financing program in the world's history. They'll probably get it all and Chicago will be terrific as she is in everything.

Window Shopping

What of the shop windows? What of the women? What do they wear?

One shop window showed large sketches of the fashions of 1926 as the inspiration of the fashions of 1943. Those of us who are old enough to have grasped 1926 are relieved to find this just a bit of spoofing on the part of the designers. If there was ever an all-time low on doing the worst to a woman it was in those twenties. The cloche, the fringed or uneven-hem knee length, shapeless dress have, in common with today's fashions only skimpiness of material so necessary as a war measure.

Fur-lined coats and fur-lined short suit-coats, were the feminine big "Oh's and Ah's." Lots of fur coats too—especially black persian.

Wings of Victory are symbolized in feathers of every description and the hat is coming back—definitely, willingly, a bit sheepishly. One of the silliest hats we saw being worn had a bunch of corks over the wearer's eyes. Don't ask us about priorities.

Sequins, beads, metallic blouses; big bag, hat and glove sets in flambuoyant tones; colored net stockings; back to the old-time, big, square rhinestone-buckle on pumps; the reefer coat and generous tams. These are some of the things the eye catches as one is blown along the Avenue.

Marching side by side with clothes are inducements to look better, feel better and be better than you ever were before. In one window a large machine like a bicycle is ridden by a so-earnest girl. Like mad she races, bending over, jerking back—all in a spirit of hope for a silhouette to wear new, slim clothes.

Five-day courses are offered to put one on the right path nutritionally; give a good complexion; improve your speaking voice; check up your good points, if any, and really turn you into a person you'd give a second glance to yourself.

The colored youth of Chicago sets a pace in attention-getting accessories. They look as if they had just stepped out of a musical revue. One youth wore a gold necklace.

Among the more interesting people we saw was an eighty-year-old lady who poked our luggage with her cane as it stood in the foyer of the hotel and asked the bell-boy, "What is the convention today?" She lives in the hotel. Identifying guests is a hobby with her.

People who haven't had money before are making big wages now and in spite of high taxation, are spending more than they ever dreamed possible.

Typical American college girl who had been working for the summer in a defense industry assured us she had got a man's pay but she had also done a man's job, even to the heavier physical work necessary in such plants. The first girl to work with five hundred men, there were now sixty per cent of the staff women. She had gone in with theories. She was going back to college with facts.

"Just one thing they won't forgive—that is being a snob," she said.

Chicago still has its stockyards but we didn't see them. We asked to. It requires a very special pass. We were assured we could have it in a few days. We could not take the extra time so we passed up the meat market. As a matter of fact, we passed up beef entirely. Point rationing, housewives informed us, made a roast a rare treat. Hotels and restaurants go in mostly for fish, fowl, scalloped dishes and meat substitutes.

"Taken for granted"...

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

An eminent medical authority said: "In most of our cities we have for years taken clean water, safe milk, pure food and safe sewage disposal for granted."

Of these items sewage disposal is the least discussed and most taken for granted. That condition signifies efficiency.

One of the main functions of Plumbing is that of providing for the safe removal of sewage or waste matter from buildings.

The owner in planning his building, does not set out to purchase a drainage system as such. In fact it is seldom mentioned but is taken for granted as a part of the plumbing.

Plumbing brings in water and takes out waste — but it must be so installed that although the pipes be side by side, their contents do not meet or mix. If they do, disease-bearing pollution is the inevitable result.

This "Taken-for-Granted" attitude is an unspoken tribute to the Plumber's skill. On the other hand it may at times result in a lack of appreciation of the extreme value of his service.

We said it in peace — we say it in war; Plumbing is too important to be entrusted to any but the trained hands of the Plumbing Contractor.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

MacMillan Presents Old Favorites

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

OF THE 7,600 auditors at the Promenade Symphony concert in Varsity Arena last week, I doubt if many noted an unusual hiatus in the orchestral picture. No harp thrust up its golden eminence in the vicinity of the double basses. This was clear evidence that the chief works performed would be of rather ancient vintage, for the earlier composers made use of it only on rare and special occasions. It so happened that in the two comparatively recent works played by Sir Ernest MacMillan the composers felt no need for it. Elders like Beethoven, Weber and Bellini got along without it, and the most important work on the program, the evergreen Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, which defies time, was a reminder that the mighty Ludwig composed nine symphonies without writing a bar for the harp in all their pages.

Listening to the Fifth symphony is part of the yearly routine of a musical commentator's life. In the 45 years that have elapsed since I first heard it I must have written about it on at least sixty occasions, probably more. Ernest Newman, the English critic, some years ago wrote that he knew music lovers who had heard it so often that, while they admired every bar of it, they could not listen to it again. I have sometimes experienced that feeling myself; but after Sir Ernest gave a rendering far above the average routine, I decided that a musical commentator's life is not really an unhappy one. On a street car afterward I overheard a young woman to whom it was new telling how beautiful it was, and she brought back memories of the never-to-be-forgotten night when I too heard it for the first time.

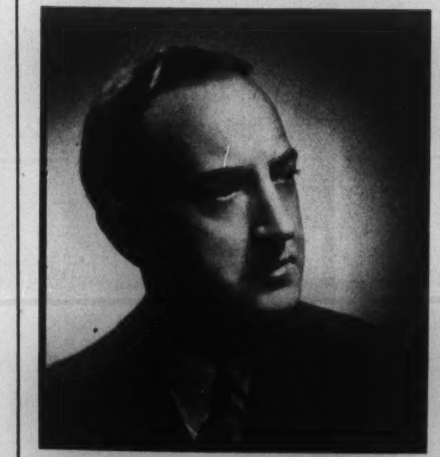
A recently-published book on Beethoven by John N. Burk, who writes program notes for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gives some historical facts about the Fifth Symphony completed in 1807 and first produced at the Theatre-an-der-Wien, scene of many Beethoven premieres. Mr. Burk says, "Something in the direct, impelling drive of the first movement commanded general attention when it was new, challenged the skeptical and soon forced its acceptance." Mendelssohn avers that Goethe heard it with grumbling disapproval, but was astonished and impressed in spite of himself. Then there was Jean Francois Lesueur, ten years older than Beethoven, who with Mehul organized the Paris Conservatoire in 1795. He had made a vow that he would never listen to another note of Beethoven, but in old age was persuaded by Berlioz to listen to this symphony. "It has so upset and bewildered me" he said, "that when I wanted to put on my hat I could not find my head." It was probably over the finale, unprecedented in energy and flow of ideas, that Lesueur lost his head. Ludwig Spohr, a few years Beethoven's junior, who himself composed nine symphonies, now in the limbo of forgotten things condemned the finale as an orgy of vulgar noise. Others were affronted by the fact that Beethoven made use of trombones in a symphony, and, to some, the rugged peasant trio played by bass viols in the scherzo was "coarse."

The factor which still holds listeners, year by year, is not merely its quality of cosmic suggestion but its tunefulness. It has been termed the most "whistleable" of all symphonies. Sir Ernest's interpretation had elements of exalted beauty, a noble poetic urge that lifted the rendering far above routine. Perhaps to save broadcast time, perhaps to prevent an outburst of applause from the audience after the lovely Andante he blended the latter into the Scherzo just as Beethoven went on from the Scherzo to the finale without pause. In his original score the composer fortunately left much to a conductor's imagination. He may legitimately infuse his own individuality into the score just as a fine actor does "Hamlet."

The Chicago soprano Vivian della Chiesa may, I think, take credit for the immensity of last week's Prom audience. The rich warmth, purity and evenness of her voice; its tender quality throughout its compass, and its sincerity of expression make her a delight. Her technical resource was demonstrated in three celebrated arias; "Tacea la notte Placida, from Verdi's "Il Trovatore"; "Pleurez, pleurez mes yeux" from Massenet's "Le Cid"; and "Ah, Non Credea Mirarti" from Bellini's "La Sonnambula."

The last interested me most, because you cannot read any history of the singers of the 19th century,—when the prima donna dominated the musical scene,—without finding allusions to "La Sonnambula" (The Sleep Walker); which was first produced in 1831 and continued to hold a place in the operatic repertory for more than six decades. Today as an opera it is utterly dead; one of the works which, Sir Thomas Beecham says, have been shelved through lack of singers competent to render them. According to Julius Benedict who was Jenny Lind's accompanist-conductor on her first American tour, there were five roles in which she, as an opera singer, was supreme; three were heroines of works by Donizetti; "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Daughter of the Regiment" and "The Elixir of Love." The others were "Alice" in Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil," and "Amina" in "La Sonnambula." There is a charming print of Jenny Lind in the role of "Amina" with the bridge over which she is supposed to walk in her sleep in the background, and other characters greatly diminished in size. As "Amina" every great soprano from Giuditta Pasta (for whom it was composed) to Emma Albani, won distinction. It was therefore a delight to hear one of "Amina's" arias, and to realize the charming sincerity of Bellini's music.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Priestley in their English garden, the latest portrait of the author whose novel "Daylight on Saturday" is just out.



Rex Battle, pianist, long a favorite in Toronto, will be guest artist at the Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena on September 30.

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SEASICK REMEDY

THE FILM PARADE

Song and Dance

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"DU BARRY Was a Lady" has arrived, having crossed from stage to screen and taken a rather heavy prattfall en route. The producers of the film employed five song-writers, three comedians, technicolor, and Tommy Dorsey's band in satin breeches and court-wigs, and the result is overwhelming in a way. The trouble with the screen version is still the trouble common to big muscular musical shows generally—it just doesn't know its own strength. It hits out right and left with noise, comedy, color and loud innuendo and doesn't stop till it has exhausted its audience and itself.

Another of the film's weaknesses is that it employs Red Skelton instead of Bert Lahr as the hat-check boy who dreams his way back into the Court of Louis XV. It might seem that this trouble could have been avoided simply by hiring Bert Lahr but I suppose nothing is ever as uncomplicated as that.

Mr. Skelton has the greatest will in the world to be funny. He will mug, tumble, roll his eyes, cross them, fall down on the floor and play dead, in fact produce any effect in the world, except the unexpected. But the truth remains that however you analyze comedy, the will-to-be funny isn't one of the factors, and all Red Skelton's earnest tumblings in "Du Barry Was A Lady" are hardly worth one wry contortion of Bert Lahr's astonishing face. However Mr. Skelton is still a comparatively young man and maybe he will relax a little as he slows down towards middle-age. He will undoubtedly be a better comedian once he stops being so hell-bent on comedy.

"Du Barry Was a Lady" has certain assets however. Gene Kelly is a talented dancer and Lucille Ball, who plays Du Barry, is a very pretty girl even if her hair is a good deal redder, at any rate in technicolor than any girl's hair has an honest right to be. There is also Virginia O'Brien for those who admire her rather unnerving style of vocalism. And of course there is the technicolor, which is rather unbecoming to Mr. Skelton but makes Miss Ball look good enough to eat.

THE theme song of "The Sky's The Limit," entitled "My Shining Hour" is sung early in the picture by Joan Leslie and then is carried on as background music through most of the remainder of the film. It is a rather sad, frustrated little air and eventually it dominates the picture, making you feel desperately sorry for everybody, even the comic characters. This melancholy note seems rather out of place in a picture starring Fred Astaire, since Astaire films are usually blithe affairs dominated chiefly by the star's agile and articulate legs. The Astaire legs don't get much opportunity in "The Sky's The Limit." There are only three or four dances altogether and the final one is a dance interpretation of a bad hangover and far from cheerful. When Robert Benchley appears the dolorous little theme-song fades out and things brighten, but not for long. It's soon back, as plaintive as ever. Mood music shouldn't be allowed to inflict its low spirits that way, especially on Fred Astaire.

MOST people will agree that newsreels, if they are to be enlightening, should be gathered from every front available, no matter what troops are engaged or what the particular nationality of the cameraman who takes the pictures. Certainly a global war demands a global perspective. The only test should be the timeliness and dramatic value of the newsreel itself.

At the same time there should still be plenty of space available on the Canadian screen for strictly Canadian newsreels. I saw some of these at a private showing recently and they were not only sharply topical—they had been flown direct from London to the Associated British news—but often unusually dramatic. The films which show Canadian boys talking directly through the sound-camera to their friends and relatives back home are particularly moving. The messages they send are for friends and relatives but the sight of these abashed Canadian youngsters self-consciously facing the camera and trying to find the right reassuring words for the people back home would touch any heart across Canada.

Charles Frances Coe, author and a frequent contributor to the Saturday Evening Post, will address the Advertising and Sales Club of Toronto at the Royal York Hotel next Wednesday. Coe's subject will be the "New World Challenge of the Screen."

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BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

Mickey Mouse's Strange Progeny

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

THAT Disney Dinosaur, "Fantasia", is being exhibited in Toronto this week for the third time, and is attracting large audiences to the Royal Alexandra. We call it a dinosaur, because its biological history seems to us to be much like that of the great lizards which dominated the earth for some thousands of years and then disappeared, never to rise again. They developed, by some process of enlargement, out of the little lizards which were before them and which are still basking in the sun millions of years later; but their evolution took them up a wrong alley. a dead-end street, and when they came to the end they stopped.

The little Disneys we have long regarded as a perfect art form, perhaps the most perfect that the cinema has produced. This vast Disney is awe-inspiring and magnificent and noble and cultural and grand and all that, but is it fertile? Will it have any progeny? Or is its line doomed to extinction? What are we to expect when Mickey Mouse labors and brings forth a mountain?

I have always felt that the music and the screen movement in "Fantasia" were quarreling with one-another as to which should come first in the attention. At a third hearing-and-seeing the music comes off better; it is less overlaid by the screen. But—is this an improvement? The music is a recording—an excellent Stokowski recording, but still a recording. Does one go to the theatre to hear a recording?

Disney's art is too great an art to be a mere help to a recording of Beethoven. And Beethoven's is too great an art to be a mere help to Disney. Now if Beethoven could have written a special Disney Symphony, that would have been something; that would have been collaboration. Our advice to Disney is to get himself another Beethoven.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Irrational Views on Rationing

BY JANET MARCH

"I JUST made a present of it to the government," said the woman in front of the meat counter, whom "Vogue" would have described as a smart young matron.

"My dear! I bought a ham."

"There weren't any hams where I was," said the first morosely.

My first idea that a flawless diamond necklace had been turned over to the Government of the Dominion of Canada to help pay for the cost of the war was wrong. They were talking about expired meat ration coupons.

"Sixteen pounds of meat we might have had," said the matron sadly, almost as if she lived in Poland, "just given straight back to the Government."

A new vision of Mr. Mackenzie King standing on the steps at Parliament Hill and graciously receiving a large pot roast flashed before my eyes. It is this sort of talk about rationing which is mystifying. Do a lot of women really think that the Government is in the meat, butter, tea, coffee or jam business? Apparently when they don't use all their coupons they visualize their supplies going into a sort of giant government refrigerator.

Personally, I hope the second lady's ham goes mouldy before she uses it and that she learns this expensive way that coupons are only to be used when you need them, and if you don't need them you have no business to put them into a hoarded ham. We are still asked to economize on meat, and if families with a good many ration books manage to get ahead because of meals at restaurants, or a good deal of purchasing of unrationed meats, then they can let the coupons quietly expire without holding a fancy funeral.

One great benefit of wartime cookery is that the weight reducers have most of them given up reducing. When you can't buy endless lean lamb chops and green vegetables it is too hard to fill yourself adequately so that hunger does not gnaw imperiously. The housekeeper whose family hopped on and off the bathroom scales and refused potatoes, bread, macaroni and pastry had a tough assignment. Now some people may have had to let out a few seams, but they are probably enjoying their meals more, and they should be filled with pep with extra calories going into them.

The easiest way to economize on meat is to add something starchy to it—dumplings in the stew, Yorkshire pudding with the roast, a beefsteak and kidney pie, or a shepherd's pie with an extra large amount of potatoes on the top, are all good ways. Somebody once said that the acid test of a good cook was a beefsteak and kidney pie, but it isn't really as hard to make as all that.

Beefsteak and Kidney Pie

1 pound of beef
1 pound of kidney
3 tablespoons of fat
Salt and pepper

The Crust

1/3 cup of shortening
1¼ cups of flour
½ teaspoonful of salt

About two tablespoons of cold water.

The beef can be stewing beef bought for the pie or the tail-end of the roast cut up in small pieces. If you are using stewing beef you should cut it up in smallish pieces and brown in fat and then simmer very slowly just covered with water for at least an hour. If you are using the end of the roast this is not necessary.

In the old days you never put as much kidney in a beef steak and kidney pie, but now when kidneys are not rationed we change our ideas about the proportions. Any sort of kidney will do. Of course lamb's kidneys are the aristocrats and it's unlikely that you will put them in a pie, because they are too good by themselves. Veal kidneys are the next choice, but pork kidneys are wonderfully cheap and, if you cook them long enough, make a fine pie.

Two pork kidneys make about the right amount for a medium sized pie. Put them on to simmer just covered by water and let them cook very slowly for about an hour, then cut them up, taking out any tough pieces, and save the water they cooked in for the gravy. Put the pieces of kidney with the beef, don't brown the kidney. Stir about two tablespoons of flour into the fat in which you browned the beef and brown it well, then add the water the kidneys cooked in, and sufficient more to make two cupfuls of gravy. Season with pepper and salt, and when the gravy has thickened pour it over the meat in the pie dish.

The crust can be made with lard or any kind of shortening you favor. Mix the shortening with the flour, add enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Roll out once on a floured board. Fold and roll again to the desired size, and remember that the colder pastry is the better. Put the crust on the pie and cut two holes for the steam to escape by the inverted egg cup which will hold your roof up in the centre of the dish. Put in a hot oven—400—till the crust browns, then reduce the heat, but don't leave the pie long in the oven or you will find that the gravy has dried up.

Yorkshire Pudding

1 cup of flour
2 eggs
½ cupful of milk
½ cupful of water
¼ teaspoon of salt
¼ cupful of beef dripping

Stir the milk slowly into the flour and salt and beat till there are no lumps. A dover beater often takes out lumps when ordinary stirring leaves them large as ever. Beat the eggs thoroughly and then add to the flour mixture slowly, then add the water and let the mixture stand for about half an hour.

Heat an ordinary cake pan and put in the dripping, and then pour in the batter and cook in a very hot oven for twenty minutes. Most people serve Yorkshire pudding only with beef, but it is a good extender of the meat ration with any roast of meat, and of course can be made with any fat or dripping which you may have on hand.

THE CROW

HE IS obsidian black
With beak of carved ivory
Curve of bill boldly arrogant
And roving eye full assured.
He preens, high-lacquered chip
Bitten out by returning strong sunshine
From the great old pregnant elm's
Immobile dark trunk
And given life, motion,
A North-congested contralto,
And powerful, restless wings
To harbinger the Spring.

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OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
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Chases Dirt
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

GOOD?·Mmmm. . .mmm. . .GRAND!

ALL-BRAN SUGARLESS APPLE MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening	½ cup milk
½ cup corn syrup	1 cup flour
1 egg	¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran	2½ teaspoons baking powder

¾ cup grated raw apple

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Add grated raw apple. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or
12 small muffins (2½ inches in diameter)

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

Save on sugar while you win praises from everyone who tastes these easy-to-make ALL-BRAN muffins. Their better taste and exquisite texture just can't be managed with ordinary bran. And remember, if you are troubled with the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. . .KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN eaten every day. . .corrects it by getting right at the cause.

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Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
for Constipation

. . .NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages.
Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada
"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"

CONCERNING FOOD

Canada and the World's Appetite

BY WILLIAM J. BRYANS

WHILE our immediate efforts must be concentrated on volume production of all kinds of foods, and particularly on those especially required in quantities for our soldiers and allies, it is well to keep in mind the possible requirements of the post-war period. We must work out a food economy that will enable us in the coming years to maintain insofar as possible the huge productive capacities which have now been built up in Canada.

When one considers the record quota of various types of food products which Canada has been asked to provide this year, and compares them with the ordinary domestic requirements of the Dominion in normal times, we realize that if any line of thought or action can be followed which will soften the blow of lessened demand likely to follow the cessation of hostilities that it is a wise and logical procedure.

The necessity of such a protective step in connection with our post-war planning is made more imperative when we consider the extent to which our present food productive facilities are interwoven with our huge basic industry of agriculture, and the repercussions which any serious interference with established farm income would have on our national prosperity and economy.

Bacon an Example

For instance, let us look at our present huge production of bacon. In 1937, the peak point of the pre-war period, we exported 192 million pounds of bacon to England. An objective of 675 million pounds has been set this year and well over 600 million pounds will be shipped. In order to accomplish this our farmers are providing some 8,000,000 hogs as compared with a peak of around 3,000,000 before the war. Our farm set-up has now been geared to this immense productive capacity. No one could visualize Canadians as consuming sufficient pork products to take care of this quantity production. The only way in which this production can be taken care of is by export trade. What are the prospects for large-scale bacon exports after the war?

In considering the answer to this question we must bear in mind that previous to the outbreak of war Denmark was Great Britain's big source of supply for bacon and Danish bacon will be fighting for its place on the English market once again as soon as Denmark can get into its stride after the war. If Canada is to protect her position in the English market a high degree of care and intelligence needs to be exercised. Actually, before the war, Canadian bacon had to take second place to the Danish product as was evidenced by the fact that it sold at eight shillings per cwt. lower.

Now it would appear that the favorable position is in danger of being jeopardized. In the attempt to reach this year's quota farmers are being asked to finish their hogs to a considerably heavier weight. Even the Canadian consumer has evidence of this fact in the type of bacon frequently offered in our local stores. This is not the kind of bacon the English like and housewives in the Old Country are beginning to think of the Canadian product as fat, or second grade bacon. This point was emphasized by J. S. McLean, President of Canada Packers Limited at the annual meeting of that company and he also pointed to another serious repercussion from the long-range standpoint. If Canada could maintain a reputation for first quality bacon on the English market and, accordingly, be able to secure an extra eight shillings per cwt. ($3.00 per hog) as in normal times, it would mean an added income of $25 million per year for Canadian farmers. It is attention now to just such details as this that will put Canada in a position to better utilize her agricultural production facilities after the war.

Many Expanded Facilities

We have many other instances of expanded food capacities, the long-term protection of which should be zealously guarded by taking every possible precaution now where that can be done without serious interference with our efforts to provide for current requirements. Our food production "plant," particularly on products closely allied with our agricultural interests, has been enlarged in almost every department. In the case of eggs, for instance, we have not only greatly increased the number of hens for laying purposes but we have also stepped up the output per hen. This year we are aiming for a production of 345 million dozen eggs as compared with 200 million dozen in an average year before the war. Of course, we are eating more eggs ourselves and they are being served liberally to our Armed Forces but it is in export trade that we have really done amazing things. The objective for shipment overseas this year, mostly in powdered form, is 60 million dozen which compares with a pre-war export trade of only one million dozen.

Similarly, we have reached new peaks in the production of cheese, with an endeavor to ship 125 million pounds to the United Kingdom this year, although we are likely to fall short of this objective as production has not been as great as visualized earlier. However, our production is at a new high—much greater than our potential home consumption in view of the fact that in normal times Canadians eat only about 4 lbs. of cheese per person per year as compared with per capita consumption of between 9 and 10 lbs. in the British Isles. It is only through substantial export sales that we can hope to maintain our new ratio of production in the after-war years.

Diversified Economy Needed

Because of the uncertainty of post-war food demands from the standpoint of the varieties which will rate highest, due both to the unpredictable international situation after the war and the unknown factors as to the extent and continuity of food requirements in various countries, it is particularly desirable that Canada develop a diversified food economy with ability to vary its production in keeping with requirements as they arise. For instance, if a big demand for flour and cereals develops as a result of present plans to provide food for the nations that need enlarged food supplies, we have the grain to fill that demand. If, after the first rush, the call should swing to meat and dairy products we should be prepared to adjust ourselves so that our huge stocks and potentials of grain and feed can be translated into beef, bacon, poultry, cheese, butter and eggs. We have the necessary facilities for this job in the form of huge herds of cattle, and record highs in hogs and poultry but it is important that we be prepared insofar as possible to shift production emphasis to those products which are found to be in greatest demand.

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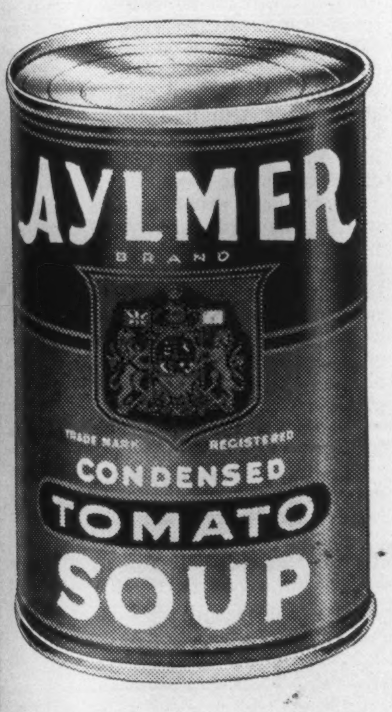

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GET MORE VITAMINS — MORE PEP! Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* Yeast every day. This Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

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"Over There"
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On the home front, sound strategy calls for a checking up of your life insurance holdings. Are they adequate? Before you answer this question in your own mind, remember how times have changed. Your family responsibilities may have grown. Increased succession duties in recent years may have placed an added burden on your estate.

Plan to win "over there" and at home! Buy War Savings Certificates for today and check your life insurance plans for tomorrow. An Imperial Life representative will be glad to assist, without obligating you in any way.

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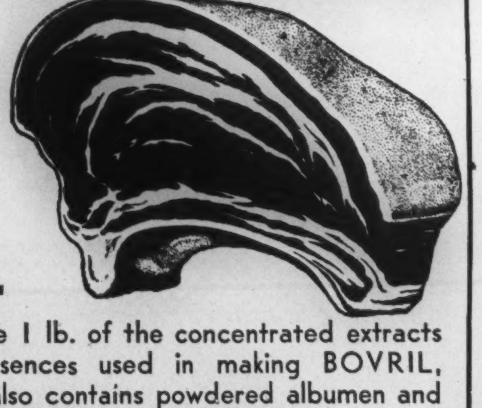

to make 1 lb. of the concentrated extracts and essences used in making BOVRIL, which also contains powdered albumen and fibrine of BEEF.

That is what gives
BOVRIL
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41-36
GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY

THE OTHER PAGE

The Minister's Cat

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

RUTH looked round at her living room. The wide mirror above the fireplace doubled the number of shaggy white asters in her copper bowl and spread beyond the walls of the pale, serene room another room, pale and serene and shining with strangeness. It couldn't be that she was going to see Larry again. She had seen him last under the "Horse Fair" in the brown-oatmeal-papered reception room at the dormitory when he had been full of a scheme for driving a motor car by water power. That, at least, was the way she remembered it. Willis, when she told him about it, had only laughed and remarked, "one of those".

It was the girls who made her feel aged and creaky; now that Willis was away most of the time, the girls infested her, there was no getting away from them. She had listened with restless contempt to lectures on how to develop children's initiative and protect them from being warped and overshadowed by their parents. A lecture on how to protect parents from being warped and overshadowed by their children would be more to the point. Willis adored the girls but his war work kept him away from home so that he had no dealings with their school projects, their improbable friends, their endless, imbecile games. The girls had her at their mercy and they overflowed her as the tide overflows a sand flat. She felt exactly like a sand flat. She must have an hour, at least, with which the girls had nothing whatever to do. She must show the girls, indeed she must show herself that she had once had a life entirely her own, that there was a person in her life of whom they had never even heard.

In the mirror she saw her smooth dark waves and thought of the bunches of hair she had worn over her ears when she knew Larry. Nothing, she thought, could have surprised her more than to hear, after all these years, from Larry Boyce. Since they both left the university she had not thought of him half-a-dozen times, but she could not understand now how she had lived so long without remembering him. What had made Larry, after fifteen years, think of her?

"Where are you, mom?"

Ruth hastily spread a tea napkin over the plate of fudge. She had remembered while she still held the letter in her hand how much Larry used to like her fudge and had gone straight to the kitchen to make some for him.

"Mom, where are you?"

"I thought you were rehearsing."

"That was yesterday." They stalked in and flung their book bags and blazers at two chairs.

"Not in here, girls."

Edith, who had walked on into the dining room, circled the table, picked up her bag and blazer and tossed them into the hall. Joan twitched away the tea napkin and mumbled, "Holding out on us," through a mouthful of fudge.

"Don't Joan. Put your books in the hall, dear. Don't you have to go to the drug store?"

"What for?" Edith asked. "I get a piece, Joan had one."

"Notebooks or pencils. You always need something."

"We don't need anything now. Not bad fudge."

They looked like twins though there was eighteen months difference in their ages and though they were so tall, Joan, the older, was only twelve. They were brown and lean, with dark braids and enormously long legs below their short tunics.

"Say a number," Edith commanded. "Any number from one to ten."

"No, don't say it," Joan cried. "Think it to yourself. Got it?"

"Why don't you go out for a ride on your bicycles?"

"Got a number?"

"Yes."

"Double it. Got that? Add three, then multiply by two."

"No, you droop, she has to add two and multiply by three. Got that?"

Their mother felt the dreadful lassitude of helplessness into which their attacks plunged her. "I guess so. Why don't you go over to Marian's?"

"Subtract five and divide by two. You do too subtract five. Got it?"

"You haven't been to Marian's all this week."

"Got it? What is it? Say it out loud."

"Seven and a half."

"Screw, I told you it was wrong. You subtract four, not five. Take a different number, mom. Got it?"

She looked wildly at the clock and went to the tea tray. "Here's another piece of fudge for each of you. Now go on over to Marian's right away."

"We can't. My tires are flat."

"Walk then. The walk will do you good." They were barely out of sight when a car stopped before the house.

Conspiracy gave one not a sense of guilt but a delicious warmth of excitement. Ruth laid on the coffee table the memory book she had found and dusted, that token of a life in which the girls had had no part. The ringing of the bell drilled through her nerves. Larry Boyce, here, on her doorstep. He would notice how cold her hands were.

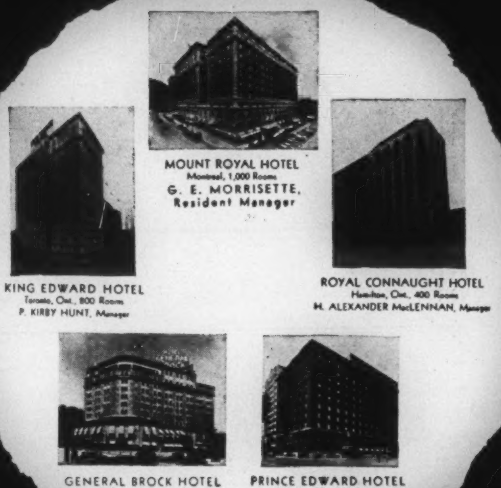
It seemed cruel to say that she would not have known him but she would not have known him. A broad, burly man stood there; he had a thick neck and thin hair but his grin was the same.

"Well, Ruth." No man here except Willis called her by her given name and she felt a shock of pleasure.

"Well, Larry. How good of you to look me up."

He looked admiringly round her room. "You've got a nice place here." He looked admiringly at her. "You haven't changed." She had dreaded one of those paralytic silences that fall between old friends

Serving Canada's War Production Line



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BEFORE THE WAR: *Betty used to dash around in her Dad's car. She loved being at the wheel.*

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Women are needed in the Army, Navy and Air Force . . . desperately! And it's a grand life. Good meals, plenty of exercise, interesting things to do on and off duty. You'll meet new friends, see new places, learn new work. And when it's all over you'll have the pride of knowing you did your duty. Enlist now . . : take your place beside the gallant women of the United Nations.

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NB-6

newly met, but the talk held up surprisingly well. Larry was vague about his work; his wife had a job, he said, they lived in an apartment and had no children.

"Those aren't yours, are they?" he asked, pointing to the opposite wall. The photograph showed Joan and Edith at seven and six with smocked dresses and haloes of camera-induced curls. Ruth nodded.

"Big girls like that," Larry marvelled. "It doesn't seem possible."

He beamed at her, he was perfect. It did occur to her, as she poured the tea, that he looked as though he might prefer something stronger and he talked with a rather uneasy air. Even when she opened the memory book and they recalled games and proms and asked each other, "Where's George?" and "What became of Nita?" he still seemed slightly restive.

By imperceptible degrees the conversation got round to motor cars. Larry's voice grew fuller and more earnest and he leaned forward in his chair. He asked about Willis. "I never knew him very well but I hear what a smart fellow he is. He's got a mighty fine reputation."

"Here's some fudge," Ruth said quickly. "You used to like my fudge."

He looked at it thoughtfully. "My wife's got me on a diet. I been putting on weight pretty fast. But what she doesn't know won't hurt her." He bit into a piece of fudge and nodded appreciatively but what he said was something about the shortage of gasoline. "Anyway it's an inefficient fuel. I can prove it to them if they'll just give me a chance. Look at this diagram—"

She had forgotten how Larry used to talk. He kept hitching forward in his chair and opening papers on her lap. The memory book was covered. His voice became professionally enthusiastic and persuasive; the words churned round in her head. She had a vision of Larry hitching forward in his chair and talking persuasively for fifteen years to anyone who would listen, about hypothetical motor cars driven by coke, mustard plasters or cottonseed oil. There was something about a scheme for a car driven by compressed air; something, incredibly, about getting Willis to find him a backer. She could feel the waves rise on her head. Her first business in life was to protect Willis from aggressive proposers, and she exclaimed, "But Willis hasn't any money. He doesn't—"

"He knows the right people, people I want to get interested in this. If he'd put it to them—"

"But Willis is out of town. You can't see him."

"That's why I'm explaining it to you. If you'd put it up to him—" He went on in a still more earnest tone to deal with still finer technical points. Ruth felt a sick wave of apprehension. She was sorry for Larry's slight seediness, his enormous anxiety, and she knew her own weakness. If she were a less amenable character the girls could not trample her with such serene ruthlessness. In ten more minutes of this she would be arranging an interview with Willis and Willis would be furious and Larry would merely waste another of his impressively futile addresses.

"But Larry—" she entreated.

"Turnover — economy — efficiency—never been anything like it—."

"Where are you, mom?" They looked twice as tall as before. Ruth introduced them and Larry, caught in the middle of a sentence, muttered "They can't be yours" and hurried on. "Efficiency — economy — turnover—"

Joan reached across the table and took a piece of fudge. "Marian wasn't home," she said amiably. "We're playing the minister's cat and we've got to M. The minister's cat's name is Myrtle."

"The minister's cat's name is Nero," Edith said, nibbling her fudge. "Want to play, Mr. Boyce?"

"Girls, you aren't very polite. Go and play somewhere else."

"If production reached that figure the first year, it could easily be doubled the second and my figures show—"

"The minister's cat's name is Opal. Your turn."

"The minister's cat's name is Pansy. That last piece of fudge is mine."

"Try and get it. The minister's cat's name is Quigley."

"Girls, please run along."

Larry looked appealingly at her and raised his voice. "Put it to him this way. Tell him the safety coefficient—"

"The minister's cat's name is Rosebud. Hurry up."

At least they were nearly at the end of the alphabet. But the minister's cat's name was Zenophon and then, without pause, Alicia. Joan lay comfortably back on the sofa, Edith's legs dangled over a chair arm, their eyes were half closed, their faces impassive.

"The minister's cat's name is Bellerophon. It is too a name."

"So I decided," Larry said, a little louder, "when I heard this about old Willis—"

"The minister's cat's name is Clotilde," Ruth said, smiling at him. "You take D now, Larry. It should be an unusual name."

Joan waited and then offered kindly, "The minister's cat's name is Desdemona, that'll be yours."

They were at V again when Larry left. "The minister's cat's name is Vashti," Ruth said. "It was nice of you to look me up for old times' sake." She had one arm round Joan who was only an inch shorter than she was.

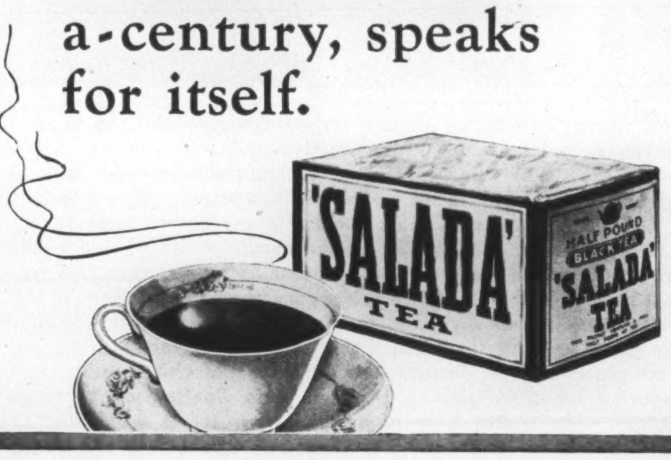
He hurried down the walk and jumped quite nimbly into his car.

"The minister's cat's name is Wilhelmina. There's more fudge, isn't there, mom?"

"Not before supper." She covered the memory book with a paper. The girls had never looked so happy and healthy and intelligent.

"How did that silly old man get in here?" Edith demanded. "You've got X this time and we used Xerxes."

Quality counts most— the steady growth of 'Salada' sales in Canada over half-a-century, speaks for itself.



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FINANCE
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THE BUSINESS FRONT

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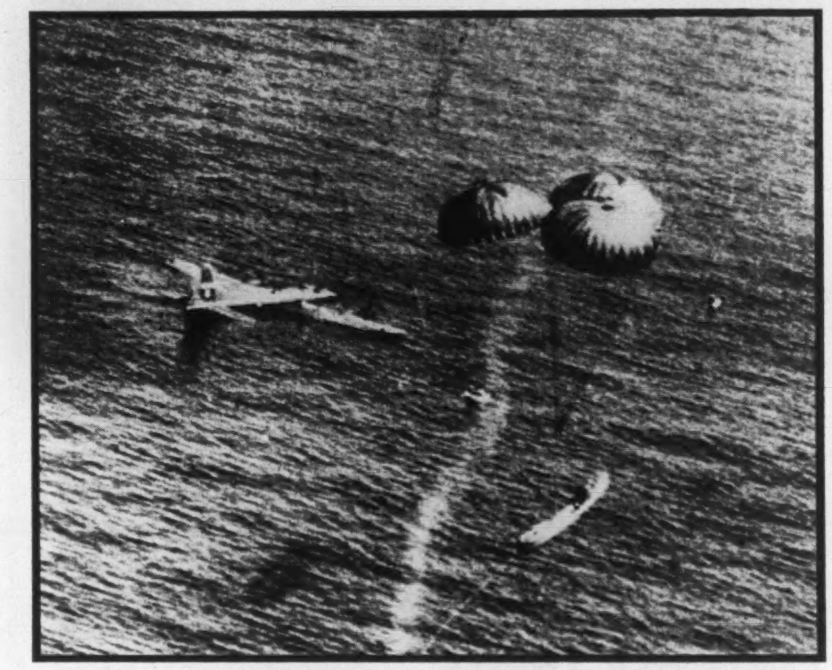
Safety for the Investor

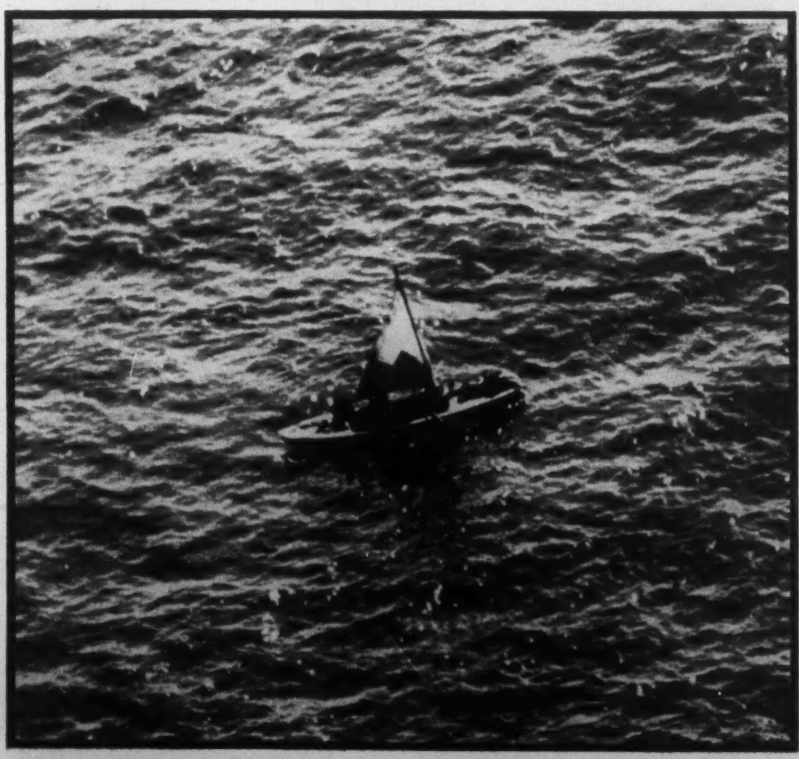
SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor



Latest rescue device for airmen forced down in the sea is an airborne lifeboat, complete with engines, sails, food and wireless. It was first used in May 1943 when a Halifax crew made their way back to Britain across 50 miles of North Sea. The boat has been designed to be dropped to "ditched" aircrews who are too far at sea or too close to the enemy coast to be easily reached by air-sea rescue or Royal Navy ships. The above photograph shows an actual rescue by an airborne lifeboat. Forced down in the North Sea after a raid over Germany, the crew of this Flying Fortress took to their rubber dinghies. Sighted by patrolling aircraft, their position was signalled back to base. Shortly after, an air-sea rescue plane arrived, bearing the compact motorboat under its fuselage. Supported by three parachutes it is seen floating down close to the dinghies. No matter how it strikes the water it will right itself, for special buoyancy tanks keep it afloat and uncapsizable even in roughest seas. Below: the crew have transferred from dinghy to lifeboat.

The air-sea rescue plane which dropped the boat flashes them their course. Photo below shows them setting out to meet the naval vessel which is already enroute to pick them up. The sail, useful in emergency, is brightly colored, making it much easier for rescuers to detect the small craft.



The Trend To Collectivism

BY STANLEY McCONNELL

The issue between Left and Right which has torn the Old World and threatens to divide the New is not merely a question of parties or programs but involves a deep structural change in the whole democratic way of life.

Upon such an issue there is no neutral ground and but three possible alternatives: to accept the socialist position, to drift into gradual collectivism through increasing reliance upon the state to compensate for an unbalanced economy, and to apply the scientific method first to identifying the cause of the imbalance and then to its removal.

The writer summarizes the conclusions reached on the political aspect of the problem.

THE ideal government would be one which, elected from the people, knew what was best for them. Conscious of its own limitations, it would not try to live their lives for them but would give them the fullest opportunity to live their own. Recognizing that freedom of action is part of the machinery of evolution, it would impose only such restrictions as were necessary to preserve order and justice. It would dip lightly into their pockets, realizing that the measure of its own efficiency is the economy of its administration.

So far have present day governments drifted from this ideal that constitutional limits upon their powers and spheres of action are being swept aside. The overhead cost of government is steadily mounting. The people who are the presumed beneficiaries are aware of a trend which they have been unable to check, which has become articulate in the program of a political party and to which all other parties are involuntarily drifting—the trend to collectivism.

Alternatives

The people in effect are presented with two alternatives. The first is to make a virtue of necessity, plunge off the deep end into socialism and accept complete state control of all their activities with the assurance that a legislative body invested with such power—in practice a group of worthy citizens drawn by ballot from their ordinary vocations who, whatever their intelligence quota, would hardly qualify as social technicians—would lead them into a Utopian order in which abundance would go hand in hand with that freedom which is the breath of life to the Anglo-Saxon.

Those whose credulity cannot stretch so far and who refuse to delegate such all-embracing power to any group of citizens, however worthy, are offered another alternative. It is merely to let matters drift, to allow governments of the day to continue their present policies, to elect new governments with no specific mandate to carry out any specific policy, but with the usual blank cheque to tax and borrow without limit and if found expedient, to govern by order-in-council. It is the choice of gradual collectivism which arrives at the same destination not by direct action but by political and financial indirection.

Though we live in a financially organized society, it is a strange omission that the outright collectivists should have failed to advise either business or government how the books could be properly balanced or what changes they would make in existing methods of accounting. Yet had they done so, their special prescription for our economic ills would remain long on the shelves.

The issue between Left and Right which has divided and disorganized the Old World and has now entered the political arena in the New is not merely one of policy or platform. It is

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

It's Not Only Industry's Task

BY P. M. RICHARDS

A GOOD deal of "viewing with alarm" is being done regarding the ability of private business to provide employment after the war—that is, employment for everyone who wants it, which means for a vastly greater number than were employed when the war began. The popular notion is that the war may end suddenly and all the men and women of the fighting services, plus the vast army in the supply services, be demanding places at once in private industry. Actually this won't happen for several reasons: demobilization will be gradual, the war against Japan will probably continue long after the Germans have given up, many won't want to continue working, and employment will be created by public works schemes.

Even so, the wartime increase in the number of persons "gainfully employed" is so great—Canadian manufacturers alone now employ around 1,250,000, compared with 650,000 before the war—that there's undoubtedly reason for concern, concern by the job-seekers and also by all those who believe that maintenance of an economy based on private enterprise is essential for healthy national progress. For it's certain that any large and continuing volume of unemployment after the war will greatly strengthen the demand for state socialism, which would mean the continuance and even increase of the governmental control and regimentation of industry and society that business men are convinced are ultimately destructive.

Many leading business men, afraid of the trend to socialism, have asserted that private enterprise can and will provide all the jobs required. They have accepted the socialists' statement that the right of the free enterprise system to survive will be determined by its ability to provide employment. This column is convinced that this is a serious error.

A Community Responsibility

Obviously the whole community, not only the business part of it, has a stake in seeing that there is an adequate volume of employment, if only because it is certain that without it it will not be possible to have the "social security" that everyone's counting on. We want full employment to have the increased production and larger national income necessary to support a Beveridge Plan (it should always be remembered that a Beveridge Plan in itself produces no wealth and only disposes of it if made). Therefore the whole community has an interest in seeing to it that conditions are right for the creating of employment. And in a free enterprise economy, that means that conditions must be such as to permit the healthy and vigorous functioning of the free enterprise system.

This cannot be assured by business men alone. If trade with other countries is restricted or even made impossible by policies of "economic nationalism," if excessive or confiscatory taxes prevent capital investment and even the accumulation of capital by destroying the possibility of profit, if wage and other costs are continually raised while prices are held down, we can be certain that production and trade and enterprise will wither instead of grow, no matter what efforts to make business are put forth by business men themselves. Business men know this and should be working aggressively to make others know it; they should not be accepting sole responsibility for providing jobs and making the private enterprise system work.

Better Use of Resources

The truth is that only a much more thorough and efficient utilization of our resources and productive capacity than we ever had before the war will enable the realization of the better society we have promised our fighting men and which has been made practically possible by the wartime advances in scientific knowledge. Enormous possibilities for social progress lie before us, plus heavy demands on our productive system to sustain "social security," and we simply cannot afford to have productive resources lie idle because of lack of co-operation between the groups instrumental in making them effective.

There is a much better understanding of these things in Britain, and, despite a very widespread demand there for the extension of socialistic state practices after the war, a much greater awareness of the essentiality of co-operation between government, business and labor to promote a healthy business economy if the hopes for a better Britain are to be realized.

Britain, for many months past, has been vigorously working to prepare for the post-war, and by no means only in the field of home social security. Britain is completing plans for the recapturing and enlargement of her foreign trade. Labor is co-operating wholeheartedly with government and business to this end, for labor, over there, knows well that Britain can't be healthy without overseas trade. Canada is just about as dependent on the latter as Britain is, but there's no such unity of purpose here.

There will be a world scramble for overseas markets when the war ends, and maybe that day is not far off. We have enormously increased our productive capacity during the war and will need all the outlets we can get. It is on our ability to obtain and hold them that our long-term ability to provide a satisfactory volume of employment for our people will largely depend.

a deep and fundamental issue which involves the whole future structure of society. The functional pattern of the industrial revolution upon which the modern world is based is the division of labor and the institutions of private property and the market. The collectivist movement, while adhering to the first, is a direct challenge to private property and the free market. It enlarges the sphere of government beyond all constitutional limits and by destroying a basic economic right, the freedom of contract, it places in jeopardy the whole edifice of political freedom.

It is hardly conceivable that the United States and Canada, the trustees of the New World, should deliberately invite this experience. The real danger is that because of failure to solve the economic problem in its own terms and the consequent expansion of government functions it may be forced upon them. The irony of the situation is that our economic ills are largely due to the increasing overhead cost of government and the misguided policies of past governments in taxing and borrowing. Yet for these disorders the collectivist school would indict both capitalism and free enterprise while rewarding government by a vote of confidence and an expansion of its powers.

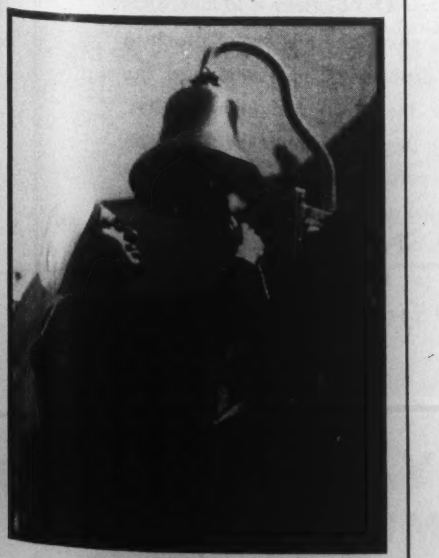
The present world malady, aggravated by two major wars is hardly a fair test for free enterprise or democracy if by that we mean that the cumulative effects of misguided practices are to be dissipated overnight. It is a racial receivership in which all values are being challenged and tested for the next great advance. The need is for discrimination rather than wholesale condemnation.

In his article *Three Kinds of Capitalism,** Eric Johnson, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, points out that in the economic sense capitalism is everywhere, even in Russia. He differentiates between bureaucratic capitalism, monopoly capitalism and a people's capitalism, of which the latter is held to be the real objective of American enterprise, while monopoly capitalism tends to become bureaucratic. It is a useful distinction which leads naturally to an enquiry as to why the original objective of a people's capitalism was diverted at least in part to monopoly capitalism.

The Public Debt

The answer, as the writer has pointed out in this series, lies largely in the field of public finance. That peculiar form of property, public debt, was the invention of the state. In England the public debt had its origin in a rider to the Tonnage Act of 1694 which secured "certain Recompenses and Advantages. . . to such persons as shall voluntarily advance the Sum of Fifteen Hundred Thousand Pounds towards carrying on the war against France."

The creditors referred to in the Act were the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. The *collectivized* debtors were the people of England. In this way a precedent was set for the dubious, undemocratic policy of public borrowing and inequitable taxation which has now become a major problem with economic repercussions which no statesman has yet had the courage to face. History is now auditing the books as the debt and taxation grow to astronomical figures and with it the functions of the state. If the trustees of democracy do not awaken in time, this state-created form of private property will collectivize the creditors.



War has served to build up the Indian Navy. This picture taken after India's newest ship was commissioned recently shows Quartermaster Harjit Singh, a Sikh rating striking off 8 bells

It was not by accident but a direct chain of cause and effect that this perversion of the conception of property, legalized without the people's consent, should have matured in the twentieth century in a challenge to the whole institution of private property. It is part of the same sequence that unproductive debt should have become the legal depository of the people's savings, diverting capital more and more from productive enterprise while the service of the debt is a perpetual first charge upon the whole national economy.

The Hope for the Future

A financial detour of two and a half centuries is a difficult one to retrace. Yet the only hope for the future lies in drawing the distinction between productive and unproductive capitalism, for the trend to unproductive investment has become so pronounced in the past three decades as to imperil all attempts at economic stability and expansion. If continued in the post-war years, the unproductive side of our economy, guaranteed by the taxpayer's money, will encroach more and more on the productive side till private enterprise succumbs and the people's capitalism is submerged in bureaucratic capitalism.

This is the involuntary choice of gradual collectivism which involves a departure from the structural pattern of the industrial age and a return to the immaturity of a paternalistic state in which the virtue of self-reliance is discouraged and penalized, a choice which would finally extinguish the hope of a better day in the death of free enterprise and democracy.

To summarize the conclusions offered in these articles, a major cause of the purchasing power dilemma, our basic economic maladjustment, lies in the field of public policy:

1. The contracting of public debt, a state-guaranteed form of private property, is a violation of the democratic principle of contribution to the public revenue in proportion to capacity to pay.

2. As the debt increases, the service charges curtail the consumer's purchasing power through direct and invisible taxes.

3. The debt itself, being an unproductive part of the national economy and a depository of trust funds, diverts the people's savings from the productive side.

4. At the same time it places a heavy burden on production through an expanding scale of taxation, leading to a further violation of the democratic principle through inequitable sales and other consumer taxes. These are double-burden taxes, taking money from the people and at the same time contracting the national real income through price inflation.

5. All these factors tend to the concentration of wealth and economic instability which is further accentuated by currency inflation and deflation brought about by the state's failure to regulate the currency supply.

6. Increasing state intervention designed to compensate for an unbalanced economy is a challenge to the whole democratic process which threatens to remove all constitutional checks on the powers of government.

7. A further effect on the political side is the collectivist movement which seeks to promote state control of industry and distribution of economic rewards, a course which would radically alter the whole structure of a free society in favor of a political instrument which in the past has been notoriously inefficient in the discharge of its own limited functions.

There is fortunately a third alternative. It is the middle course between Left and Right which will ensure the two essentials of the fuller life—freedom and security. It is not the way of expediency but the time-tested method of enquiring of a particular enterprise what makes it a success as far as it goes and what prevents it from going farther. It is the method of discrimination which holds the gains of the past while discarding its errors. It involves a critical examination of current practice both in public policy and private enterprise in the light of fundamental principles and the correction of that practice where indicated by the findings. It means the application of the scientific method which has so brilliantly solved the problem of production to the comparatively simple problem of distribution.

The Anglo-Saxon world stands at one of the major crossroads of history in which it will either justify and consolidate its social gains or lightly surrender them to model its life and institutions on a crude Marxian collectivism. The issue calls for an appraisal of the whole period of the industrial revolution which Anglo-Saxon genius has so largely shaped. It is a task well within the capacity of the building race. In choosing this alternative they will best preserve the continuity of two centuries of progress in the arts of peace and government.

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*Reader's Digest, August, 1943.

EYES TIRED?
TWO DROPS
QUICK RELIEF
Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.
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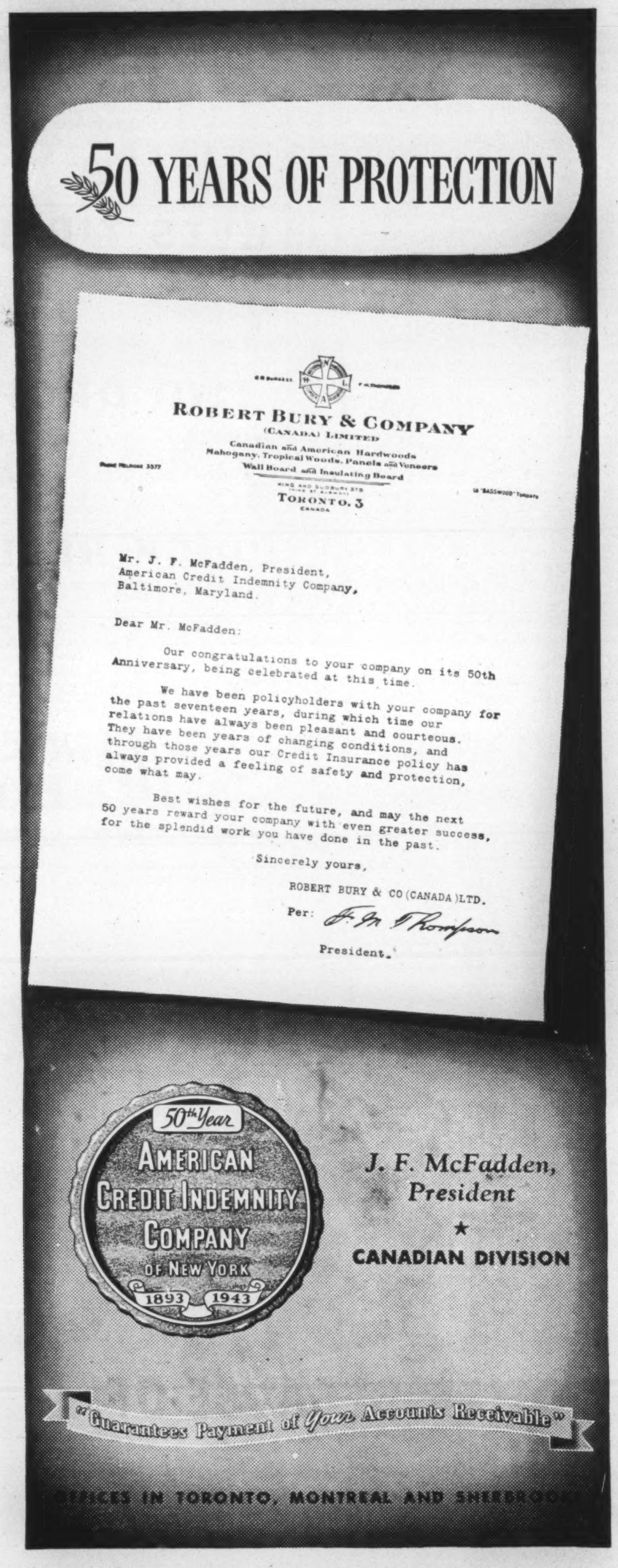
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

SERVING THE UNITED NATIONS WITH WAR ALCOHOL
THE "RAIN OF DEATH" IS DEADLIER BECAUSE OF WAR ALCOHOL
Here is a load of grief for Hitler . . . 1000 pound packages of concentrated destruction, made with the help of War Alcohol, and powerful enough to flatten whole city blocks.
Due to its "stabilizing" influence, alcohol is also used in tremendous quantities in the making of smokeless powder and other war materials. It is a basis for ether, widely used in the manufacture of high explosive. It keeps planes ice-free. It keeps trucks and tanks rolling in zero temperatures. It is used in the production of synthetic rubber and plastics. It serves doctors, nurses and field dressing stations as a practical disinfectant. Alcohol is now in Battle Dress 24 hours a day. All of our plants are producing it . . . to 100% capacity . . . for the duration.
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
HG-9


50 YEARS OF PROTECTION

ROBERT BURY & COMPANY
(CANADA) LIMITED
Canadian and American Hardwoods
Mahogany, Tropical Woods, Panels and Veneers
Wall Board and Insulating Board
KING AND SUDBURY STS
TORONTO, 3
CANADA

Mr. J. F. McFadden, President,
American Credit Indemnity Company,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Mr. McFadden:

Our congratulations to your company on its 50th Anniversary, being celebrated at this time.

We have been policyholders with your company for the past seventeen years, during which time our relations have always been pleasant and courteous. They have been years of changing conditions, and through those years our Credit Insurance policy has always provided a feeling of safety and protection, come what may.

Best wishes for the future, and may the next 50 years reward your company with even greater success, for the splendid work you have done in the past.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT BURY & CO (CANADA)LTD.
Per: F. M. Thompson
President.

50th Year
AMERICAN CREDIT INDEMNITY COMPANY OF NEW YORK
1893 1943

J. F. McFadden,
President
★
CANADIAN DIVISION

"Guarantees Payment of Your Accounts Receivable"

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AGENCY BUILDING	EDMONTON, ALBERTA
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McCALLUM HILL BLDG.	REGINA, SASK.
411 AVENUE BUILDING	SASKATOON, SASK.

DIVIDEND

CHARTERED TRUST AND EXECUTOR COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of Chartered Trust and Executor Company for the quarter ending September 30th, 1943, payable October 1st, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15th, 1943.

By Order of the Board,
E. W. McNeill,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto,
September 8, 1943.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the Current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after

1st October 1943

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.
2nd September 1943

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

MONTREAL POWER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me whether Montreal Power will earn its dividend this year? I am a little worried about the effects of wartime costs and particularly the excess profits tax.

—W.B.H., Peterborough, Ont.

So far the effects of higher wartime taxes and costs of operation have not been too hard on Montreal Power's net earnings. The situation is that high wartime industrial activity, the establishment of a number of new and large war industries and the consequent largely increased consumption of electric power in the territory served by the company have caused a progressive and substantial increase in its gross income since the beginning of the war. This has been sufficient to offset to a large extent the rise in labor and material costs and the steep climb of income taxes, with the result that per-share earnings for 1942 were $1.88 as against $2.01 for 1939.

As regards the probable showing for 1943, there is reason to believe that the weight of the full year's 100 per cent excess profits tax will cause a further contraction in net, but that the $1.50 dividend will still be earned by a fair margin. Demand for power is expected to continue large not only during the balance of the war but also for some time at least after its conclusion.

PRESDOR PORCUPINE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am considering the purchase of some Presdor Porcupine shares as a gamble for the future. Would you kindly outline the present situation, results of previous work and its connection with Preston East Dome.

—C. W. J., London, Ont.

All work at the Presdor Porcupine Mines property, which consists of four claims in Deloro township, adjoining Preston East Dome on the south, has been stopped for the duration, due to government restrictions on new gold development.

The program of exploratory drilling which Preston was carrying out had to be discontinued last year. Previous to this Preston drove a crosscut from its 1,050-foot level to the boundary of Presdor, with the drilling done from here. The agreement under which Preston received 1,085,000 shares of Presdor's stock also called for 10,000 feet of diamond drilling. While no report of results appears to have been made public, I understand that the exploration did not encounter anything of outstanding commercial importance, although geological conditions were interesting.

Favorable geological conditions were reported from previous work which consisted of surface exploration and diamond drilling. One porphyry zone was cut in drilling and another believed to dip into the company's property from the west around a depth of 1,000 feet. In the event that commercial ore is discovered in further work it is probable a deal would be made with Preston to mill the ore.

ST. ANTHONY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

In connection with St. Anthony Gold Mines, have there been any recent developments? I have some shares but they are not in my name so have heard nothing since operations were stopped early last year.

—T.L.C., North Bay, Ont.

Yes, St. Anthony Gold Mines recently entered into a deal involving the development of a gold mine. Following suspension of operations in the Sturgeon Lake area the management investigated a large number of base metal properties without success and then turned attention to the precious metal mining field.

Under the agreement St. Anthony disposes of certain plant and equipment to permit of participation in the new gold mining venture—Gold Island Porcupine Mines Limited. Extensive diamond drilling on the Gold Island property, in the Night Hawk Lake area, is reported to have indicated two zones, one with a length of 1,125 feet, grading over $13 over 4½ feet, and the other a length of 500 feet, grading $9 for a width of 17 feet.

Gold Island Porcupine is capitalized at 4,000,000 shares, of which 1,500,000 were issued for the property.

THRIFT STORES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you give me any information on Thrift Stores Ltd.? I own some preferred shares but hear little about the company's affairs. Do you see any prospect for dividends?

—R.N.B., Montreal, Que.

I don't know when dividends will be resumed, but I would say that maintenance of earnings at the much better level achieved in the fiscal year ended March 27, 1943, should soon make it possible. No dividends have been paid since January, 1935, and there would probably have to be a capital readjustment before resumption. Against a deficit in earned surplus account of $44,846 at the beginning of the year, (and one of $173,697 four years ago), the company ended its latest fiscal period with earned surplus of $3,429, after transferring $40,000 to contingency reserve.

Compared with net losses ranging from $1,052, in the year ended in 1936 to $116,053 in 1938, the company's net profits have improved from $4,931 in the period to March, 1939 to $57,171 in 1940, $51,482 in 1941, $61,612 in 1942 and $93,105 in 1943. In relation to the first preferred ($1.62½ cumulative, $25 par) this represented an improvement from a loss of $8.29 a share in 1938 to net profit of $4.50 in 1942 and $7.83 a share in 1943. Arrears of dividend on this class of stock were $13.50 at the close of the last fiscal

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $62,000,000

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 213

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two per cent (2%) has been declared for the quarter ending 30th October, 1943, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 1st day of November next, to shareholders of record of 30th September, 1943.

By order of the Board,
H. T. JAFFRAY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 15th September, 1943.

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash
TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
Chartered Accountants
E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS
Authorized Trustees and Receivers.
15 Wellington Street West TORONTO

our Business

"Our business is to look after those who are often overlooked in social planning—the widows and orphans of men who had the courage to save for their own and their families' sake. Higher taxation and lower interest rates mean smaller returns from savings. Necessary in wartime, these hit hard the inarticulate people—widows and orphans; they have no union to protect them and no voice to speak for them. The Trust Company spends its time and performs its services to help them live."

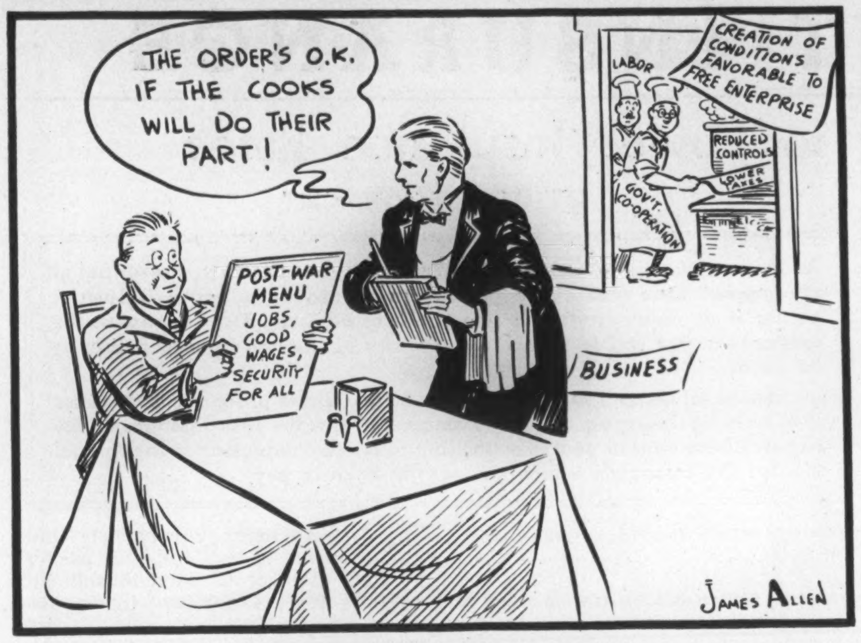
From the President's address at our Forty-third Annual Meeting.

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY
CORPORATE SECURITY
PERSONAL SERVICE
Offices across Canada from Coast to Coast

period. Allowing only for regular dividends on the preferred shares, the 1943 net was equal to $6.15 on the second preferred against $3.28 the previous year, and to $3.27 on the common against $1.54 the year before.

The company last year started to cut down the outstanding amount of first preferred by retiring 1,824 shares at a capital profit of $18,706. After effecting this redemption, net working capital (excluding prepayments) was improved by almost $80,000 to $286,484.

Notwithstanding a net reduction of stores in operation from 72 to 65 during the year, following several closings in 1941, sales volume continued to increase permitting economies which offset the reduction in gross profit and the increase in labor costs. The company now operates 60 stores in Montreal and 5 in Ottawa. No stores have been closed since May 1, 1943.


THE ORDER'S O.K. IF THE COOKS WILL DO THEIR PART!
CREATION OF CONDITIONS FAVORABLE TO FREE ENTERPRISE
LABOR
REDUCED CONTROLS
LOWER TAXES
GOV'T. CO-OPERATION
POST-WAR MENU
JOBS, GOOD WAGES, SECURITY FOR ALL
BUSINESS
JAMES ALLEN

COOKS ARE IMPORTANT TOO

B.C. PACKERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have your comment on the fact that though the sales of British Columbia Packers Ltd. have risen considerably during the war, the company's earnings on the stock have quite failed to keep pace. This is very discouraging for shareholders.

—A. M. C., Swift Current, Sask.

Though, as you say, British Columbia Packers has shown no gain in net profits commensurate with the growth of sales during the war years, you should not overlook the fact that the company has been able to effect substantial improvement in its financial position during this period. Dividends were inaugurated last year and in the two fiscal periods ended in April, 1943, aggregate dividends of $306,628 were paid. This is not a large return on the shareholders' investment, particularly when it is spread over the 11 years in which no dividends were paid and when it is recalled that the present 136,279 shares represent the result of the drastic capital reorganization of 1935, at which time the old common stock was written down in the ratio of 1 new for 10 old and the old preferred (with $35 of dividend arrears) was exchanged on the basis of 1 preferred for 2½ new common).

But in addition to paying these moderate dividends, the company added more than $1,086,000 to the cost of fixed assets, reduced fixed debt by $561,000, accumulated a post-war tax credit of over $82,000 and increased its net working capital by more than $406,000. This represents substantial balance sheet progress in relation to the small issue of 136,279 shares of capital stock, which is now clear of any fixed debt since the $800,000 of first mortgage bonds were cleared off on July 15, 1943.

BROULAN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What is your opinion of Broulan as a speculation for the post-war?

—N. O. W., Hamilton, Ont.

Appeal of Broulan Porcupine as a long-term speculation is somewhat lessened by the realization that its main ore zone has been pretty well developed, and dips into the Pamour property at depth. While no other important ore areas have so far been located there are additional possible ore chances and the company has over five years' ore supply already developed. The management is extremely capable, and net current assets exceed $500,000, equal to 19 cents a share, which gives the shares certain attraction.

An excellent performance has been reported so far this year, mill heads being above $10 as against just under $8, the calculated grade of ore reserves. Net profit for the six months of the current year were 9½ cents a share, or about double those shown for the like period in 1942.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: Stocks on the New York Market, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are regarded by us as having registered a zone of distribution over the early half of the year, from which eventual cyclical decline should be witnessed. A reversal of the SEVERAL MONTH TREND to a downward direction was recently (August 2) indicated. For further discussion of intermediate outlook, see below.

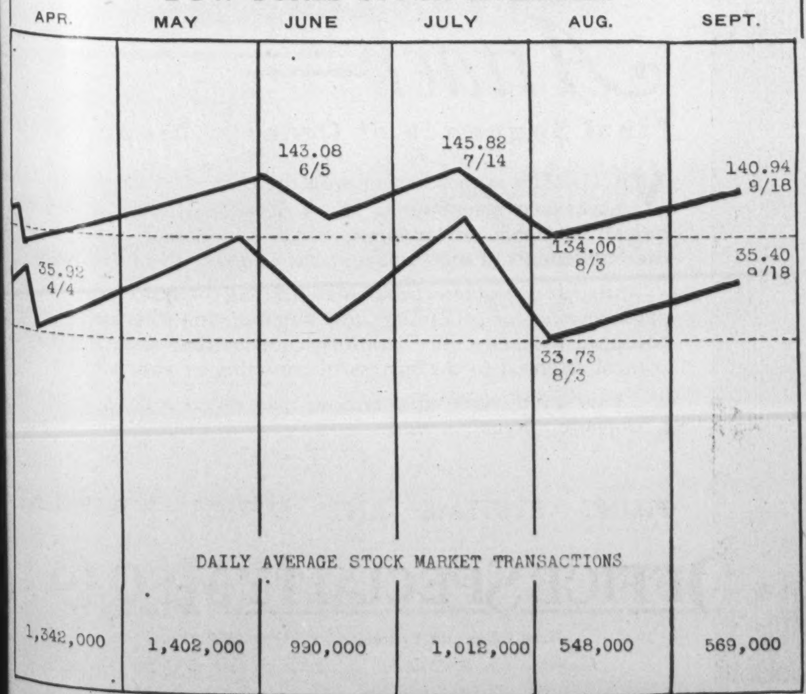
SELL, DON'T BUY, ON ANY RUN-UP!

Over the course of the market advance from April 1942 to July 1943 the Dow-Jones industrial average frequently went into new high ground week after week and with but one exception never failed to make new highs at not later than four-week intervals. The exception was the trading area between July and September 1942 when nine weeks elapsed before the industrials could climb above a previous peak. In the current instance, that is, the break from July 14, 1943, the market is now concluding another nine weeks without entering new high ground. However, whereas in the July-September 1942 correction there was no week when the industrial average, at its high point for the week, was less than three and one-half points under its peak, the average, at this time, is laboring some eight points under its last high.

Here, then, is further evidence of a change in market pace since mid-July as compared with its action over the preceding fifteen months. Stated otherwise, it appears as though the market established an important top in the 140 to 145 area of last July on the industrial average out of which further unsettlement is to be anticipated prior to another healthy uptrend getting under way. It is our opinion, which we expressed prior to the commencement of the break, that the changing character of the war outlook warranted unsettlement, and the market has subsequently acted in accordance with this viewpoint. With the Axis now definitely on the defence and prospects of a European peace within less than a year a probability, it is natural that investment attention should turn to the financial and industrial problems that will accompany the inevitable demobilizing of the war effort.

While technical considerations will allow further market rally than has been witnessed since the early August lows, it is highly doubtful that such rally could carry the two averages above their July highs as against which the expectancy of eventual decline to under the August lows is quite good. We would regard any immediate run-up above the 140 level as occasion for selling on the part of those who failed to establish cash reserves on pre-July 14 strength in line with our advice at that time.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



PROVINCIAL PAPER
LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable October 1st, 1943, to Shareholders of Record at close of business September 15, 1943.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 375

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 7th day of October, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd day of September, 1943.

DATED the 16th day of September, 1943.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

"Am I lucky!"
London Life

"IT'S a tough break to be disabled. While I may never earn another dollar, my disability insurance has come to my rescue. I get a cheque every month from the London Life.

"That cheque enables us to get by without making my wife and children bear the brunt of it all."

The additional cost of this disability benefit was only $2.00 a month. The policy was taken five years ago when he was 34. This year he gets—

Disability Income . . . $600 00
Premiums cancelled . . 240 90
Annual Dividend . . . 34 50

By age 65, if still disabled, he will have received $15,600 disability income and annual dividends for the 26 years in addition to the cancellation of premiums of $5,263 during the period. At age 65 his insurance would mature as an endowment and he would receive $10,000, the face value, in cash.

Disability coverage is vital and is available from this Company. It has been part of London Life service for the past twenty-five years and has "saved the day" for thousands of policyholders.

London Life
Insurance Company
Head Office - London, Canada

ABOUT INSURANCE

Only Way to Lower Insurance Rates

BY GEORGE GILBERT

As fires put a serious crimp in the country's war effort, it is essential at the present time that every precaution should be taken in industrial plants of all kinds producing war goods or food supplies to prevent the outbreak of fire and to reduce the severity of the loss from such fires as do occur.

But at all times it is good business to take these precautions, because it is only by bringing down the amount of the fire loss throughout the country from year to year is it possible to effect a reduction in the annual bill for fire insurance which the people have to pay.

IT WOULD seem to be obvious——though the fact needs to be emphasized at times—that insurers of all kinds, whether tariff or non-tariff, stock or mutual, Lloyd's underwriters or reciprocal inter-insurance exchanges, must collect from the insured in premiums of sufficient amount to pay the losses, taxes and other expenses incurred in the business if they are to remain solvent and continue to be able to carry out their contracts. Thus the amount of the fire loss throughout the country from year to year has a crucial bearing on the cost of fire insurance to the public.

It is true that considerable progress has been made in Canada in bringing down the amount of the annual fire waste and, as a consequence, the average rate charged for fire insurance in this country. In 1932 the property loss by fire in the Dominion totalled $42,193,815, or $4.06 per capita, while in 1942 it amounted to $31,182,238, or $2.70 per capita. In 1932 the average rate charged for fire insurance in this country was 79 cents per $100 of insurance, while in 1942 it was 66 cents per $100.

But that there is still room for further reductions in this country in the annual fire waste and in the average cost of fire insurance is evident when a comparison is made with what has been accomplished in that direction in certain European countries, for example, in Great Britain where the fire loss in 1942 amounted to about $1.29 per capita and where the average rate charged for fire insurance was 10 cents per $100 of insurance.

British More Careful

One reason why fire losses are proportionately lower in Great Britain is that the people generally are more careful and take greater precautions to prevent their property going up in smoke. On this side of the water, carelessness still appears to be the main cause of our heavy fire waste, as the records show that about 80 per cent of the fires taking place are preventable.

Smokers' carelessness, for instance, continues to be a top ranking cause of fires in this country. Of the total number of fires which occurred in this country in 1942, 47,596, according to the annual report of the Dominion Fire Commissioner, 14,555 fires were due to this one cause, and the Commissioner also reports that the situation in this respect appears to have got out of hand in spite of appeals for greater care in the disposal of smoking material. Except in the most hazardous locations, he says, there does not appear to be much prohibition of smoking anywhere, and industrial executives are particularly urged to exercise a greater control in this matter over their employees.

Another preventable cause of many of our largest fires is defective heating equipment. Over 9,000 fires occurring in 1942 from this cause, with a property loss of over $5,000,000. This emphasizes the need of better supervision and maintenance of heating equipment which forms such an important part of all buildings in Canada, and it is to be hoped that municipalities will lose no time in carrying out the recommendation of the Commissioner by adopting and putting into effect the requirements of the National Building Code with respect to heating equipment, chimneys and flues.

In fact, municipalities desirous of protecting the property of their citizens against preventable loss by fire would be well-advised to adopt this up-to-date National Building Code, which is the result of years of study and effort by experts, because many of the fires which take place are due to structural defects which exist owing to the lack of the enactment and enforcement of proper building regulations.

Another cause of preventable fires is carelessness in the installation and use of electrical equipment, 2,961 fires occurring in 1942 from this cause, with a property loss of $2,475,068. Despite the heavy loss from this source each year, some people still persist in taking chances by tinkering with their electric wiring and appliances or by using unsuitable and unsafe material as fuses, notwithstanding any regulations to the contrary.

Precautions against fire are necessary in all residential, assembly, institutional, commercial and industrial buildings, which should be regularly inspected for the purpose of removing any existing conditions likely to promote the spread of fire. Farm buildings, grain elevators and warehouses should also be gone over carefully, and all fire hazards removed, so as to safeguard vital food supplies.

Chief structural defects in buildings which cause fires are: unsafe chimneys, lack of proper fire stopping, combustible roofs, open stairways, unprotected elevator shafts and beams built into chimneys. Improperly constructed grates or fireplaces, poorly installed heating

INSURANCE INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

My sister and I are considering the purchase of a joint Last Survivor Annuity. The estimate submitted to us was from the National Life Assurance Co. As the company is entirely unknown to us, we should like to learn something of its financial standing. A friend advised our writing you for information.

—H. A. L., Hamilton, Ont.

If the company you have reference to is the National Life Assurance Company of Canada, with head office at Toronto, you would be amply protected if you took out an annuity contract with it, as the company is in a sound financial position and safe to do business with. At the end of 1942 its total admitted assets, according to Government figures, were $14,737,613, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $14,412,292, showing a surplus as regards policy and annuity holders of $325,321. As the paid up capital amounted to $250,000, there was a net surplus of $75,321 over capital, policy and annuity reserves, special reserves and all liabilities. All claims are readily collectable.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

I have recently come to Ontario to live and am considering taking out a policy with the Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association. Is this a reliable Company? While residing in Manitoba, I was a member of the Manitoba Hospital Service Association. Is there a corresponding association in Ontario?

—R. C. T., Galt, Ont.

Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association of Omaha, Nebraska, with Canadian head office at Toronto, has been in business since 1910 and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since December 11, 1934. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of $1,080,000 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. At the end of 1942 its total assets in Canada, according to Government figures, were $1,123,105, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $843,916, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $279,189. All claims are readily collectable and the Association is safe to do business with.

In Ontario there is what is known as Plan for Hospital Care, sponsored by the Ontario Hospital Association 36 Toronto St., Toronto.

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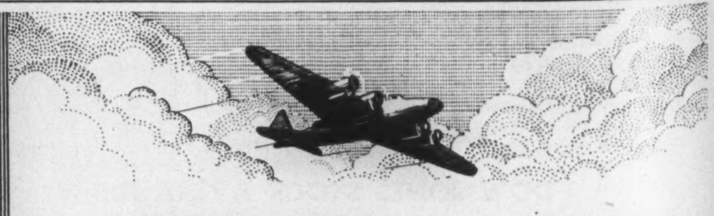

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VICTORIES are not being won these days by impetuous and haphazard manoeuvres. Back of wise attacks lie definite, quickly-available information, carefully-planned strategy and the implements of men and materiel to make them successful.

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A survey of your office armour may reveal a drag, a snag or a loophole. Repair it *now*.

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equipment and incinerators constructed as an integral part of a building are also sources of danger. Air-conditioning systems can likewise aid materially in the spread of fire if not installed in accordance with recognized fire-safety standards.

One of the questions which owners and managers of industrial establishments should ask themselves is, whether conditions are being tolerated in their plants which could lead to disastrous fires. From a study of a great many fires in such buildings it is possible to learn how the fires start and the conditions which allow small fires to get out of control and do serious damage.

One of the conditions which permit small fires to become disastrous ones is the absence of automatic sprinklers in cases where they are needed, or, although the building is equipped with sprinklers, the sprinkler system is temporarily out of service at the time of the fire. It is important that sprinklers should be installed wherever there is any considerable quantity of combustible material in either the building construction or the contents, and that the sprinklers be supplied with ample water and be maintained in good operating condition 24 hours a day. The fire record shows that damage is ten times greater in buildings without sprinklers, or where the sprinklers are not in operating condition, than in buildings equipped with sprinklers which are kept in good working order.

As the fire record shows large losses by water damage as a result of non-watertight floors in locations where there are large concentrations of value, it is important to make sure that floors are watertight where floor leakage would cause serious damage. Costly fires also occurred in plants as a result of faulty housekeeping methods, such as dirty ducts, accumulation of waste, poorly maintained protective equipment, unsafe use of cutting or welding torches, and costly mistakes by employees after fires broke out, permitting them to reach serious proportions. Key personnel should be trained in advance in good housekeeping, maintenance and fire fighting methods, and to act properly and quickly in case of an emergency.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

LAKE Shore Mines has carried out about 8,000 ft. in length of work at the bottom or 6,075 ft. level. If results at this horizon may be accepted as a yardstick for what still lies in store at such time as manpower permits work to be carried to still deeper levels, the outlook for the far future of this mining enterprise is bright. Over the full width of the drifts of approximately five and a half feet at this 6,075 ft. level there has so far been a total length of nearly 3,000 feet of ore in which the gold content averages $22 to the ton. Remembering that in recent years the mine has been operating at average recovery of around $16 to $17 per ton, some measure may be gathered of the reassurance of the future associated with the $22 grade exposed at the deepest level so far developed in the mind.

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Lake Shore lists its assets at $6,298,803. This is after writing down the value of the property to just one dollar and also after writing down the mill and plant to $340 317,—a plant which represents capital outlay of many millions of dollars. In the assets are $3,461,723 in cash, $712,018 in bonds, $502,699 in supplies and $240,206 in bullion. The working capital is $4,331,884 a gain of $565,884 over that of one year ago.

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Steep Rock Iron Mines will come into production before the end of the coming year according to the present rate of progress. The work associated with diverting the water course will be completed within the next six weeks. After that the work of pumping the water from Steep Rock Lake itself will commence. Special pumping equipment for this job is in an advanced stage of manufacture and no serious delays are anticipated. Both the Canadian and United States governments are extending the greatest possible degree of co-operation to the enterprise.

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East Malartic Gold Mines is operating its mill at about 750 tons daily as compared with rated capacity of 1,500 tons. The directors have made the very important decision to sink a new shaft. The new shaft will be inclined and will have five compartments. The work will extend over possibly three years and will involve an expenditure of around $1,000,000. Once completed, this new shaft will allow the old shaft to be abandoned. This will release a block of ore lying close to the old workings which in itself is believed to contain around $3,000,000 in gold. While the grade of ore on East Malartic is moderately low, averaging possibly $6 to the ton, yet it is believed a profit of around $1.50 per ton may be realized when working at 1,500 tons daily. In the meantime, operating at reduced capacity will not permit of any great margin of profit. On the other hand, operating at 1,500 tons would offer good prospects of profits amounting to from $800,000 to $900,000 annually. This achievement, of course, lies in the future at such time as the war comes to an end and sufficient manpower becomes obtainable.

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Hard Rock Gold Mines is drifting in ore on the downward continuation of the 403 orebody at the 625 ft. level. At the time of writing the muck samples show a gold content of $11 to the ton and the orebody has a width of twelve to fourteen feet. The orebody lies in a contact between sediments and porphyry. This contact extends for approximately half a mile to No. 1 shaft and beyond.

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Mine taxation in Ontario is to be investigated by a government committee in accordance with a promise made some time ago by Premier George Drew of Ontario. The view has been advanced in various quarters that the Dominion Government is taking an unduly large part of the revenue from the mines, to the detriment of both the provincial treasury as well as the municipalities in which the mines are located. Premier Drew, recognizing the importance of the mining industry to this province, has shown keen interest in promoting the better interests of the industry,—believing that to kill the goose that lays the golden egg is not the road to maximum benefit for even a government.

•

Gold mines in the province of Quebec produced 547,403 ounces of gold during the first seven months of 1943, compared with 666,310 ounces in the corresponding period of 1942. Output in July was down to 73,191 ounces.

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Central Patricia Gold Mines is milling at about 35 per cent. below normal capacity. Not only this, but the development of the mine is being seriously impaired through lack of manpower. Development at this time is about 65 per cent. below normal and this is bound to find reflection on ore reserves. Work at the 1,900 and 2,050 ft. levels is disclosing ore of better than average grade in the mine. As a result, the recovery during the first half of 1943 averaged $14.35 per ton. This compared with $12.98 in the preceding six months. Output in the first half of 1943 was $860,667.

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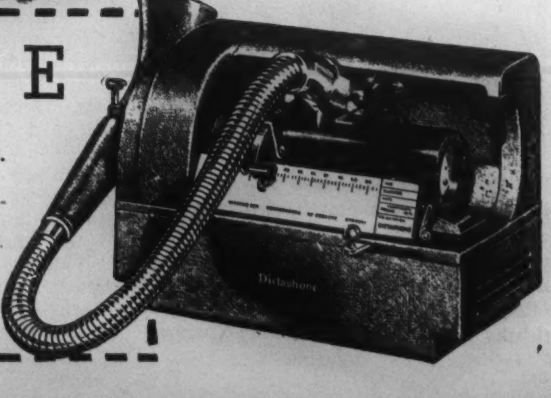


Debt Talks Now?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Britain, particularly, will not be in a favorable financial position at the end of the war. She now owes more than a billion pounds in the sterling area, and most of her cover in the form of long-range investments has been expended.

It is too often claimed on both sides of the Atlantic that the matter of debts will work itself out. There is no precedent to support this, and it is perhaps not too early to start talks towards settlements to be made in the atmosphere of wartime conditions.

London.

THE war is not yet dead, but its end is sufficiently far advanced for us to be able to make a good guess at the scale and distribution of its major legacies. In the financial sphere, and, by extension, in the economic sphere generally, the most noticeable legacy of war is the war debt. It is the fashion today to suppose that the legatee will have none of his legacy of war debt, the assumption being that war debts caused so much trouble after the last war that they will not be tolerated by either the debtor or the creditor this time.

But this is a fanciful view. Today, at the breaking of the horizon, Great Britain already owes, according to the estimate of the London *Economist*, more than £1,000,000,000 to the other constituents of the sterling area, and this debt, representing sterling assets, is very real. It is, moreover, growing very vivaciously, at the rate of £300,000,000 annually.

U.S. and Britain

In the dollar bloc, the United States is confronted by large accumulations of dollar balances in the Latin-Americas, but there are two respects in which her position cannot be compared with that of Britain. First, the dollar balances are capable of conversion into gold. Secondly, on general account the U.S. will emerge from the war in a major creditor position. Great Britain exhausted her gold stock and the better part of her readily-realizable foreign investments before she was, perforce, reduced to accumulate sterling credits in respect of those countries with which she had financial and trade transactions, and to which the further remittance of payment became impossible.

The estimated financial war debts now have nothing to do with lend-lease and mutual aid arangements, whose settlement will in all probability rest in the ex-financial economic realm. But they have, nevertheless, to be viewed against the background of a British economy that is in debt as well as the British Treasury. It is in this connection that, in a laudable desire for realism, the majority of commentators on the war debt problem have been something less than realistic. To be a debtor on short-term account in terms of sterling, to be in the position where abnormal balances must be met, and to be without the traditional cover (for Great Britain) of big long-range investments— to be in such a position, even when the amount involved is more than a thousand million sterling, is not in itself a factor necessarily involving a severe limitation of the power of the economy to restore the national standard of living.

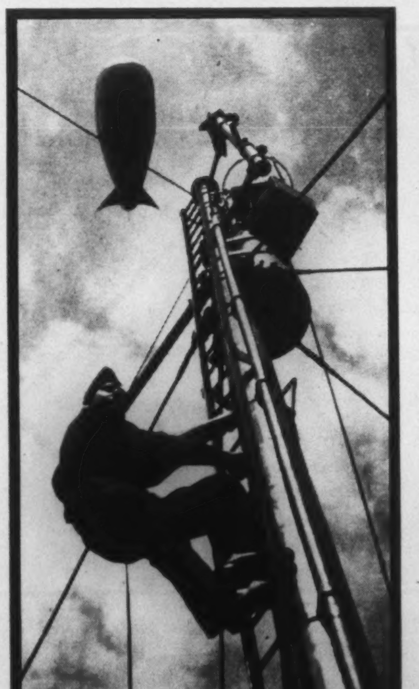
The crucial point is, of course, the convertibility of the balances, into gold, or bancor, or unitas, or what-have-you, and the end of convertibility is production, for however a debt is named it is a charge on a nation's resources. It is at this point that the estimate of real war debt in terms solely of assessable financial balances becomes unreal, for it implies that the other debt (or is the "lend" in lend-lease a complete misnomer?) does not exist.

It is plain enough that the paying-off of the apparent financial debt within a measurable time would require a very substantial effort, for, deprived of so many of her oversea investments, Britain would have to build up surpluses of many millions, and do it in conditions less favorable in general than in the pre-war, when she was, to a degree, living on capital and showing deficits.

Take Care of Itself?

But while it is possible to conceive the elimination of this debt over a period of, say, 20 or 30 years, in what context are we to assess the basic debt deriving from the services and supplies from our allies for which payment (or, to use the more appropriate word, recompense) is deferred? It is too often averred, on both sides of the Atlantic, that the matter will take care of itself. It will be a remarkable precedent if it does. Certainly, no more friendly and generous attitude could be imagined than that of President Roosevelt, whose speeches on the subject have possibly done a good deal to strengthen the conviction that the settlement of the Lend-Lease account (on which Britain, despite her very substantial trans-atlantic services, will emerge a debtor) cannot possibly present any embarrassment to either party. But this is wartime and President Roosevelt. In the peace when maybe Roosevelt has not tried a fourth term it is perhaps possible that the Lend-Lease equation will figure as an influence in the economic scales.

Perhaps the imponderable side of the post-war balance-sheet will prove more difficult than the rest. The outstanding generosity displayed by Canada is a symbol of the close ties that knit the Commonwealth and the Commonwealth is the significant sterling bloc, which contains the assessable war debt of Great Britain to date. Here we may, with gratitude, expect a close relationship between the terms of payment and the capacity to pay. It is perhaps not too soon to suggest that, although the end of the war is not yet and the final shape of the ex-financial transactions not developed, talks should be started so that the general terms of settlement of wartime arrangements are agreed in wartime conditions.



R.A.F. officers are now taking trips in the cargo vessels they protect in order to get a realistic view of the problems of the skippers who must sail their ships in convoy. This airman climbing to the crow's nest still thinks he prefers a bird's eye view.

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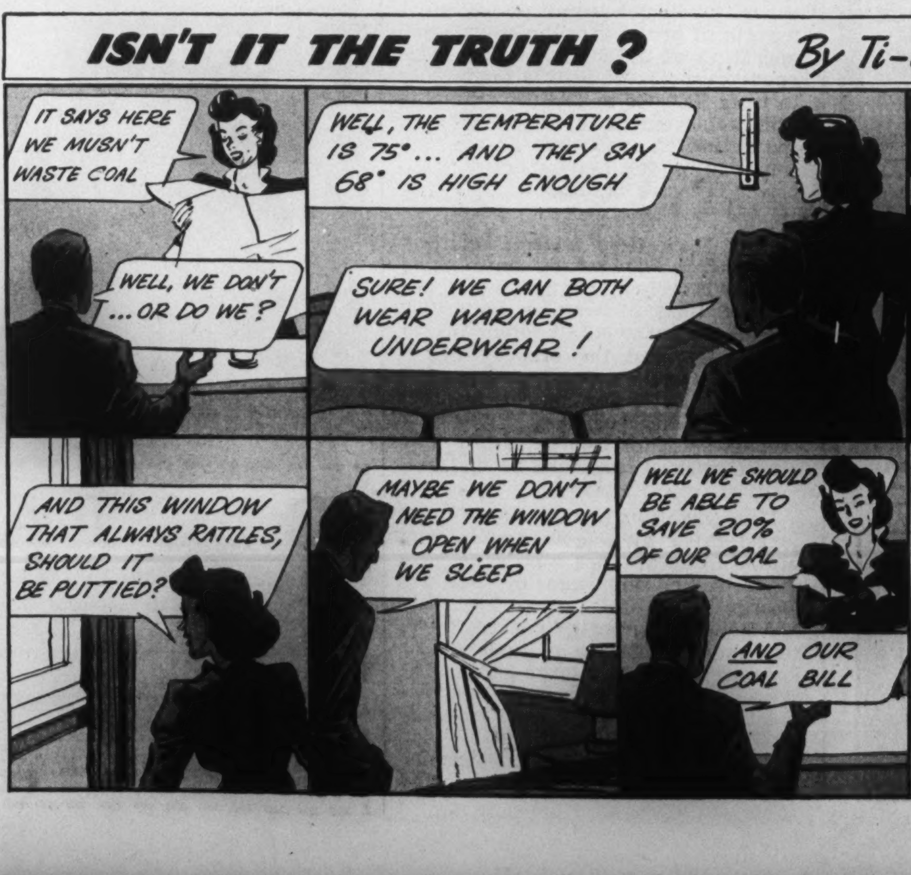
ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? By Ti-Jos No. 18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WELL, THE TEMPERATURE IS 75°... AND THEY SAY 68° IS HIGH ENOUGH
SURE! WE CAN BOTH WEAR WARMER UNDERWEAR!
GUESS I COULD CLEAN OUT THE FURNACE AND SAVE THAT WAY
AND THIS WINDOW THAT ALWAYS RATTLES, SHOULD IT BE PUTTIED?
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